

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, DECEMBER, 1845.

MONTMORENCY WATERFALL AND CONE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

A WINTER scene. The far away sun, now ranging into Copernicus, renders it not unsuited to the season. The scene itself is wild and inspiring. The fir-crowned heights indicate its temperature and its region. This particular scene is situate on the Montmorency, in Lower Canada, just before its junction with the St. Lawrence. These travelers, now below the rapids, are probably emigrants from the old country, who, having crossed the ocean, have resorted here for a first survey, and are now seeking passage on the last named river for some other point of destination in this wide, wide country. They look to be of the better order of emigrants, whose industry has, perhaps, already furnished them with the means of a livelihood. Their present remove may be supposed matter of choice rather than necessity. The "wanderer" in either case is welcome to our shores so long as order and propriety accompany him.

These be people of *taste*, too: I do not wonder, albeit the frost nips piercingly, that they pause to survey the scene, or that so many of them traverse the distance and ascend the Cone. The one opportunity in their life is now presented when they may partake this rare enjoyment with the least inconvenience and the least expense of time. It were a sordid nature, indeed, that would not desire the delight and the recreation.

In looking at this mimic trait, I almost breathe the purity of the atmosphere—I almost feel the shudder and "the joy" of that sublime delight which is found alone amidst scenes of grandeur and peril. The cascade of that waterfall—two hundred and eighty feet perpendicular—reascends to an elevation proportioned to its impetus. And the oblique and glancing sun imparts and refracts all the prismatic glories of color and light. It is an inspiring scene! When shall the unworthy writer be enabled *indeed* to taste its wonders, beauties, exaltations!

A feeling of gratitude and veneration is one of the befitting sentiments of the scene. And the

*growth* of this region, when our admiration has a little subsided, will be matter of reflection, awakening the corroborating conviction of the thousand-fold instances wherein the beneficent Creator has, in addition to the mere uses of necessity, contemplated the sensible gratification of *taste* in his human creatures; and is, in fact, one of the most leading impressions evolved by the tourist, whether amateur or philosopher, amidst a scene like this.

Canada, as all know, belongs to her British majesty, Queen Victoria, and this fair landscape is *hers*—so ascribed; and all her numerous, extensive, and varied domains afford not probably a fairer one. The home islands, however rich in civilization, refinement, and all the arts and appliances of luxury, yet fall incomparably short in natural grandeur, to her American colonies, or to Gibraltar, or scenes in the Mauritius, and some in Asia. *Niagara* she shares with us—may-be we should say, *we share with her*; for the *political* rupture was not mighty enough to make a disjunction *here*. Better that it should not: far better that this stupendous object of mutual pride and mutual admiration should also tend to the mutual blending of other sentiments of the soul and heart—sacred to peace and friendship. We all greet Victoria kindly, and extend the hand more than half way across the Atlantic to salute her. We wish not the ocean *less*; but we do wish it were within the possibilities of "royalty," that one so fond of expatiating at large could cross it once, and view the scenes of free, but not *alien* America. Science, which has indeed rendered man "master of the world," has reduced all the elements to a biddableness, either maximum or minimum, to suit his lordly *will*—has removed the impediments of "time and space"—has smoothed the ocean and swept the shore; and the seven-league boots of John Bull may, if she so please, bear the British Queen to behold her fair territories on this continent.

Meantime, let all unite in the decision to guard and preserve these lovely spots, these high places of nature, from the innovating hand of the architect, the builder up, as well and as sedulously as from the desecrating stroke of the despoiler.

Original.

JAMES M'INTIRE.

BY THE EDITOR.

A RUDE wind was blowing from Lake Erie, and dense masses of broken clouds were darkening the heavens, and sending down their snow-flakes upon the earth, already whitened, when I emerged from a small, new, unpainted, frame dwelling, in the middle of a ten acre field, and glanced at the deep forest that encompassed the clearing, and the solitary road that led through it. "O," said my hostess, as she folded her arms, shrugged her shoulders, and, shivering, drove the little children back to the fire, "you had better not go, honey." "No, no," said a kind-hearted man in a round-breasted coat, as the wind played with the long, rich locks that hung over his shoulders, "you had better stay till the roads freeze up—you don't realize what you are undertaking." "Let him go," said the tall, bald circuit preacher as his blue eyes sparkled above his Roman nose, and the blast whirled off the pen that was sticking above his ear, "he must have his way. Let him work out his own salvation." "O," said I, "I promised to go home after the first quarterly meeting. I expect to meet all my brothers and sisters there at the Christmas holidays." Adjusting my leggins, tying my handkerchief around my camel cloak at the waist, and drawing down tightly my new broad-brimmed hat, I plunged into the snow, followed by my host, (who had just come round the house from the haystack,) and soon mounted my little pony, which had been sometime kicking at the gate-post. I will not attempt to describe my journey; for I kept no account of the mud holes or the stumps, nor how many times I had to dismount to get poor Dido out of the mud, one leg at a time. I was going home to see mother, brother, and sister. "God, and home," were in my heart. Coming back, however, the road seemed the longest and the worst that ever horse or human footstep traveled. On my last day's journey, I was twelve miles from my destination, when the sun was near the horizon, and a driving rain commenced. On one side was a dense forest, on the other a small clearing, at one extremity of which, on a little eminence, stood a neat frame school-house. From this building a multitude was slowly dispersing. It was pleasing to see them, young and old, male and female, some on horseback, some in carriages, some in wagons drawn by oxen, and here and there one picking his way by the road side, walking on a log, or eluding a mud hole by creeping along the post-and-rail fence. All seemed cheerful and happy: the young exchanging glances, the old congratulations, the youthful saint making the woods echo the praises of Jehovah, and

the mother in Israel uttering a subdued amen, as, musing, "the fire burned." I halted a moment to inquire the character of the meeting, and was informed that it was a two days meeting of the Methodists, held by father M'Intire and a few other local preachers. No sooner was the name of the presiding preacher announced, than I began to feel a strong inclination to stay. Having heard of his eccentricity and his eloquence, I wished to see and hear him for myself. But, then, what would my colleague say? Where could I put up? I had not yet recovered from the solemn admonition of my venerable father, given on the eve of my recent departure from home. "Edward," said he, as he puffed the curling clouds from his long pipe, "Edward, if you must be a Methodist parson, be a high-minded one: don't sponge."

E. "What do you mean, father?"

F. "Mean! why you know what I mean—pay your way."

E. "But St. Paul says, 1 Timothy v, 18, speaking of the ministry, 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn. And, The laborer is worthy of his reward.' Do not all denominations act upon the principle that 'they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel?' Did not the Savior, in sending out the seventy disciples, give the following instruction: 'And in the same house remain, eating and drinking such things as they give; for the laborer is worthy of his hire?' Luke x, 7. Moreover, ministers are forbidden to entangle themselves with the affairs of this life."

F. "Well, well, my boy, you are learning to quote Scripture, at any rate. I am pleased to see that. But other ministers don't sponge as Methodists do."

E. "Because the Church does not require them to travel so much."

F. "Yes, yes; but I have known ministers to travel extensively, and yet refuse to seek the hospitality of their brethren."

E. "Aye, but the Church gave them good salaries, and we Methodist ministers get but one hundred dollars a year. But what am I to do? I am called to appointments where there are no taverns."

F. "Then stop at the nearest."

E. "But my means would soon be exhausted."

F. "Then cease till you can recruit."

E. "After all, father, whence your aversion to this arrangement?"

F. "Why ask such a question? Does not your own sense of propriety answer it? Intrude upon people, and not ashamed!"

E. "They don't consider it intrusion, but accommodation. When I bring a minister home, you seem to be delighted, and anxious to render him happy. Now judge other people by yourself."



F. "Well, but promise me you'll do the best you can to avoid intrusion."

E. "Certainly."

Whilst recalling this conversation my horse halted at the school-house door, and a friendly voice cried, "Brother T., how do you do? Dismount, and let me introduce you to brother M." This warm reception evaporated my scruples, and I was soon walking up the aisle after my guide. On the steps of the temporary pulpit stood a tall, stoop-shouldered man, in earnest discourse with a crowd that had gathered around him. His outer garments were of linsey-woolsey—his manly breast was scarce concealed by a coarse flannel shirt, buttoned around a neck encumbered with no cravat. In one hand he held a rude cap, scarce large enough for a boy of thirteen, while he slowly passed the other around among the motley crowd about him. His countenance was indescribably fascinating; and yet I can give no good description of it: his chin and cheeks were prominent: his nose not exactly Roman nor exactly Grecian, but small, and straight, and turned up at the end: his eye sparkled charmingly between long, dark eyelashes, while from his heavy, black eyebrows a broad, smooth, finely arched forehead rose up like Olympus. Mothers and daughters, fathers and sons, were weeping and rejoicing beneath the kind words which distilled from his lips, and the sweet remembrances which they called up. Taking one by the hand, he says:

"And are we yet alive,  
And see each other's face?  
Glory and praise to Jesus give,  
For his redeeming grace."

Taking another: "Well, mother, you are much nearer the grave than when we last met. Is Jesus precious? Does he lead you into green pastures and beside still waters?" Turning to a young man: "And is this James? The Lord be gracious unto thee, young man." Then turning to a young mother, who had long waited to catch his eye, he says, "Is it well with thee, Susan—is it well with thy child? Jesus took little children in his arms and blessed them. O, sister, raise this child for God. If Christ should meet you on your way home, and give you a drop of his blood, what would you do with it? You would bring it to this altar, would you not, sister? Ah! he has given you something more precious than his blood; for he shed that to redeem this dear boy." Presently my turn came. "And this is brother T., is it? Well, how is my friend and your colleague Harry? Ah! brother T., you have entered upon an arduous work; but, if faithful, you shall have your reward. The path of an itinerant minister is thorny, but rosy. Be humble and prayerful, and you shall realize the assurance given to Paul, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'" Then putting his broad hand

upon my shoulder, he said in a sweet but commanding manner, "Brother T., you must preach to-night."

T. "O, I hope you will excuse me: I am tired and unprepared: and, moreover, I would much rather hear you." With a singular expression of countenance, he replied, "And I suppose the people would, too; but you must preach any how." This was my introduction to a man of rare excellence, with whom it was my privilege afterward to become somewhat familiar.

He was *eccentric*. I have received the following account of his conversion. While yet young, and the acknowledged leader of a band of generous, brave, but frolicsome youth, over whom he exercised an undisputed sway, he all at once became thoughtful, and in a season of religious declension, before even his most intimate friends knew that he was serious, he went around the neighborhood notifying the people that there would be a religious meeting in the school-house in the evening. The lass at her spinning-wheel, the matron at the loom, the young man at the wood pile, and the old one at the barn, would suspend work for a moment to inquire who was to be the preacher. The answer of the youth was always the same, and given with imperturbable gravity: "I intend to talk to the people myself to-night." Some laughed outright, others stared, and some became alarmed, thinking the young man crazy or profane. During the day he went to the chase with his comrades, and toward evening he was seen approaching home with a grave but cheerful countenance, bearing his share of the game. After a light supper, taken in haste, he marches to the place of convocation, and lo! what a crowd. As he looked around upon them, it seemed as though every body he had ever seen was before him. And what various emotions moved the assembly! Some had come expecting an exhibition of mirth and wit, some to prevent a riot, of which they had some apprehension, and some to gratify a vain curiosity. The speaker arose, and with perfect self-possession delivered a most solemn and impressive discourse, showing the responsibility of man and his obligations to God—the sublimity of Christian doctrines and the purity of Christian precepts—the blessedness of a holy life and the necessity of a profession of Jesus Christ before men. He then alluded, with humiliation, to his former folly and impiety, spoke delicately of the change which he believed grace had wrought in his soul, and in tones, terms, and looks of manly tenderness, he expostulated with his unconverted friends upon their ingratitude and rebellion, and invited them to the cross of Christ, the path of obedience, and the bosom of God. The effect of this address can be better imagined than described. There are times when, although no extraordinary instrumentalities

are employed, and those who love Zion weep over its desolation, God comes from Teman, and the holy One from Mount Paran, covering the heavens with his glory, and filling the earth with light: he charges the whole atmosphere with divine influence, and cleaves, as with electric fire, the high places of wickedness: the dwellings of man mourn, the curtains of the land tremble, and the people, with quivering lips, cry out, "O Lord, we have heard thy speech and are afraid." Then come the bow of promise, and the chariots of salvation. There are other times when he speaks silently, but widely and powerfully, to the hearts of men, spreading conviction as with the breath of the pestilence; but here is an instance in which, without apparent instrumentality, he speaks to one poor soul as with the still, small voice, in which he came to the prophet, after the wind, and the fire, and the earthquake had passed, and makes that soul the instrument in the conversion of a community.

Not long after this he emigrated to the northern part of Ohio, then a wilderness, and entered the itinerancy.

He wore but little clothing, and that of the coarsest kind. He divested himself, in public, of coat and shoes, whenever they were unnecessary, with as much *nonchalance* as he would take off his hat. He once delivered a Fourth of July oration. In the audience collected to listen to it, was a gentleman from New Haven, Conn., who stopped on his journey to celebrate the day, and listen to a western speaker. He had been long seated on a backless bench, near the stand erected in the grove for the occasion, when the orator appeared, slowly walking up the steps without hat, coat, shoes, or stockings. Such were the gentleman's disgust and mortification at the sight, that he could hardly persuade himself to remain. But he had scarce gazed into the light of the preacher's countenance before his prejudices began to dissolve; and when he heard a voice sweet as an *Æolian* harp, uttering periods of surpassing power and beauty, he lost sight of raked feet and shoulders, and, with open mouth, gazed spell bound upon the charmer until the peroration was ended. Returning to his lodgings, he had something to talk about besides missing garments. Brother M.'s negligence as to personal appearance was not the result of monasticism or superstition. One of his first circuits embraced an incipient city on the bank of a bay scarcely less beautiful than that of Naples. In this place there was a small society of Methodists, and a large proportion of gay people *au fait* to all the refinements of attenuated civilization. They who think that all the cultivation is in the east are mistaken. In this little city were collected, from different points of New England and Old, a number of families of broken fortunes but indomitable energy, determined

to recover from the forest the comforts they had lost in the city. They presented, on the Sabbath, a congregation which would do no discredit to Trinity, Broadway. When brother M. first came among this people, some of the good sisters, headed by the wife of his colleague, waited upon him to request him "to trim up." "My dress," he remarked, "is suitable and comfortable." "But," said the ladies, "you are now to preach to a very fashionable people, and if you go into the pulpit with such an appearance of negligence, many will refuse to hear you, others will listen with prejudice, while some may make you the subject of ridicule. Will you not wear some collars and bosoms which we have made for you?" "Certainly," said the preacher, if you think it necessary in order that I may gain access to the hearts of the people; but *you* must put them on; for I don't know how." Sunday morning came, and sister P. and her friends came to perform the duty. The preacher threw back his head as if he were to have his lower jaw amputated, or the carotid artery tied. The ladies operated with much care and many pins, and presently brother M. was able, "by the skin of his teeth," to pass muster. During his discourse, the pins getting loose, out came the bosom, first at one corner and then at the other. Finally, the collar would get in the mouth, and when drawn out at one side was drawn in at the other. On returning to dinner, he carefully dragged the linen over his head, and handing it to the hostess, remarked, "Here, sister, lay this by till I come again—I shall not need it on the circuit."

His rusticity was not the result of parsimony; for he was sufficiently liberal; nor of poverty; for his circumstances were good. Perhaps it was owing to an indifference for public opinion; perhaps to a peculiar taste created by communing with the "wood nymphs;" but whatever may have been the cause, it did not create prejudices in his mind against those of a different taste. He rarely made a remark on the subject of dress in private or public. In allusion to the course of a mutual friend who, though remarkably neat in personal appearance, frequently preached on plainness of apparel, he once observed, "I am a plain man, and love plain things. Plainness of apparel is a legitimate subject of pulpit discourse; but I believe the better way is to try to get the heart right, and then the dress will be right." How much better would it be for us to strive to increase the piety of the vain by kind admonitions, than to arouse their resentment, and push them farther from God by harsh public reproof!

He had a peculiar method of impressing and illustrating religion wherever he went. There are some ministers whom you may know to be such only by peeping into the Church records or the pulpit. On



the other hand, there are some who make their profession known wherever they go, either by a long face, a haughty reserve, and a clerical mannerism, or by reciting their experience and turning every company into which they enter into a classroom. Brother M. hit upon a happy medium: he exhibited the sympathies of a man with the character of a Christian. He seemed to penetrate the feelings and ascertain the views of those around him by a kind of intuition; and while free to converse on any rational topic, he made religion, like a gentle rivulet, flow through the whole range of his conversation. He introduced Christianity at home and abroad, in the field, the shop, the street, or even the bar-room, surrounded by worldlings or Deists, with just as much freedom as he did in the pulpit. In his pastoral instruction he was wonderfully happy. It was his custom to collect the family at a suitable time around the fireside, and preach to them a regular sermon, extemporaneous, but, nevertheless, as systematic as his public discourses—making his instructions and exhortations comprehensible to his youngest auditor—treating of the duties of children and domestics, the responsibilities of parents, the goodness of God, the excellence and safety of a religious life, and illustrating his points by interesting incidents from profane or sacred history, passing events, or the arts of agriculture. At the table, his conversation was often impressive and charming. For instance, on one occasion taking an egg, he held it up and said, "Is it not wonderful that such an inanimate mass as this should emerge from the wings of a mother a beautiful bird, and leap from branch to branch, gazing upon this lovely universe, or soar upward toward that sun, filling the breeze with joyful carols? How can we doubt what God hath promised, that after we shall have slept beneath the wings of Jesus, we shall rise, in angelic forms, to enjoy a world of light, and soar upward to God's throne with the wing, and the song, and the joy, and the triumph of a seraph?"

Like Dow, he was remarkably fond of going among men when they were most off their guard. The tavern was no unusual place for him—in this respect, men of different genius dare not imitate him. Here he would sit sometimes for hours reasoning out of the Scriptures.

On a certain occasion, a kind of semi-infidel invited a preacher of his own sentiments to enlighten his neighborhood. A crowd collected, composed of such materials as the reader may imagine; but foremost in this crowd was brother M., who had gone to refute the speaker, if he should produce any impression against religion. There was in this region a noted sot, whom we shall call Tam O'Shanter. The discourse being ended, the gentleman who had gathered the congregation brought

forward a large decanter of brandy to treat the audience. After handing it to the preacher he presented it to brother M., who made no reply, but looked in his face and smiled. "What are you laughing at," said the host, passing the bottle to another. "O," replied M., "I was thinking how Tam O'Shanter would like such meetings." A loud laugh served for a benediction, and no reply to the evening address was deemed necessary.

*He was adroit and powerful in argumentation.* The west is a great country. Hither population flows from a thousand distant and dissimilar fountains. The social mass is heterogeneous—the social elements are incompatible. Whigs, Tories, Democrats: Americans, Africans, Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen: Episcopalians, Baptists, Presbyterians, Quakers, Methodists, Deists, Jews, and Universalists, are often found in one small frontier settlement. Here, too, are the land and the air of freedom. Every thing around is an emblem of wild independence, and invites to bold thought and fearless expression. Here, too, are resistless motives to restless exertion. Every man sees, not established institutions, and stereotyped thoughts, and automatic movements, and minds in strait-jackets, but a vast land, natural, moral, intellectual, to be possessed—an arena where mind can grapple with mind in fair, and fierce, and unembarrassed conflict—where every thing is to be tried and nothing to be favored. Immigration, for the most part, brings energetic minds. The sluggard sighs, and dies, and rots by his native stream. The man conscious of muscle and mind is he who penetrates the wilderness. Western population has two striking characteristics. 1st. Fearless expression. 2d. Broad charity. We don't keep our thoughts till they dry up. We don't start from a Deist as a child from a bear; nor look for thirty years before we see a live Catholic, nor run when we do see him. Every borderer learns to examine and defend his creed, and to bear patiently with those who differ with him. The truth is, the more we know of our fellows, the less are our prejudices, generally. Men often differ because they do not compare notes, and hate and dread each other for want of mutual acquaintance. M. was a fine specimen of a western preacher. He saw institutions in a forming state, and put forth a molding hand; he saw error laying its crumbling foundations, and he drew his battle-axe. He feared no man. He attacked what he thought wrong, boldly. He knew how to distinguish between the heresy and the heretic, and never failed to trace through every human head and heart, a fine vein of thought and sentiment, which he ascribed with gratitude to God's grace. Hence, he shook hands with the infidel, and sympathized with the Catholic, whilst he spared not the folly of the one nor the superstition

of the other. Few men were either feared or loved by errorists, so much as he. His daring assaults of false systems, and his unshrinking contact with their defenders, frequently brought him into public controversy. He was wont to say, "Truth can do no man harm; error can do no one good; if I can't defend my system, I'll relinquish it; and if you can't yours, better give it up." I believe he never refused a challenge. I once asked him if he was not tired of controversy. "No," said he, "I am ready to meet any man, at any time, any where, between Mt. Vernon and the lakes, to debate by the day, or by the week, or during life." Nature had formed him for debate. He had an unusual command of his passions. He sat down to a public discussion as a Dutchman would to his pipe, and listened to the most provoking satire from an enraged antagonist, as though he were sitting for a portrait of tranquility. When he replied to bitter personalities, it was with the most glowing good nature, and as his red-hot words of love fell and heaped up on the head of his adversary, it would seem as though the face of the latter would be quite an acquisition to one who wished to warm his hands. He was always self-possessed: no new argument, no ingenious appeal to popular sympathy, no unexpected applause, no attempt at brow-beating took him by surprise—there he sits in the most calm immobility. Sometimes his friends become excited and alarmed, and endeavor to excite his fears, or rouse him to exertion, but he responds with apparent indifference. Perhaps the adversary would take great encouragement from his quiescence, and toss about as though his victory were gained, or perchance he might take alarm and endeavor to draw him out, or get his views from his friends; but M. kept his counsel with as much tenacity as the warrior who said, "If my cloak could tell my plans, I would burn it." He was original. There are some men who have a particular track, from which if they are diverted they are "babes in the woods;" but, as Bishop R. said, a Methodist preacher is always at home, when in the road with his saddle-bags on his arm, so M. was wont to say he was always at home in debate, with his Bible in hand. He read few books but the Bible, and relied upon his own strong common sense for arguments; hence, though he could not be drawn out of his track, he often drew others out of theirs, by presenting views new and sparkling from unsounded depths. Nor could he be hurried, or shamed, or worried out of an argument he knew to be sound: he would hold it up till it could be seen, and apply it till it could be felt through and through. It was amusing, sometimes, to see him examine an opponent's ground. With all the *sang-froid* of a chemist he would draw out his mental crucible, and put

in an argument, and blow up his fires, and ultimately fish up the worthless residuum and hold it before the audience on the long wire of his logical battery. His custom was to make but little effort in the commencement of debate except to lead out his antagonist slowly to a full committal: then he would bind him hand and foot, and tie him up to the post, and let him sleep a whole night in bands; and when at length he proceeded to apply the lash, he would go to work so slowly, and with such unpardonable gravity, that you would suppose he was giving his opponent time to say his prayers between each stroke. He had wit and irony as keen as Elijah's, and he sometimes called them into requisition. In the course of a debate in which he once engaged, his opponent entered into a tedious criticism before an audience that had never seen a Greek grammar, on certain Greek words, particularly *κόλασις*, (*kolasis*)—accenting and prolonging the penult—which he inserted in almost every sentence: just when the impatience of the hearers reached its exacerbation, M. rose and addressed the moderator, with a look that belongs only to dramatic genius, in words to the following purport: "I am sorry to interrupt my friend in an argument of such surpassing interest and power; but that my response may be appropriate and intelligible, I must beg an explanation of one word which recurs very frequently in the course of his argument. Does the gentleman mean *molasses*?" It was enough—peal after peal broke forth—old men held their sides, and young ones roared aloud. The opponent, however, kept his feet until order was restored, and endeavored to cover his retreat by a thundering declamation against the "gentleman's unpardonable ignorance." This closed the evening's debate.

The next morning M. appeared with a Greek Testament under his arm, and commenced in something like the following strain: "I, sir, have never been to college—this is my grief, not my boast. It has been my fortune to be reared in the west, and to be compelled to reap from a generous soil the rewards of my own industry. The little information I have, has been obtained at my own cheerful fireside during the hours unpropitious to toil. True, I might have collected a few Latin and Greek phrases, and assumed an appearance of learning before an auditory as ignorant as myself, but I detest quackery in all its forms. I am happy on this occasion that I have a learned opponent, and, I trust, also a generous one. I must avail myself, through you, of his scholarship, at the commencement of my argument this morning." Then taking his Greek Testament, he opened it where a leaf had been turned down, and pointing to a particular verse he said, "Mr. Moderator, will you request my learned opponent to translate that passage for myself and



the audience." The gentleman stood up, took the book from the Moderator, turned over leaves backward and forward, looked confused, uttered some confused sounds, and, at length, confessed that he could not translate. As he resumed his seat, M. rose in triumph, and casting first a withering look at the opponent, and then a significant glance at the audience, as if to say, "I spare him," he remarked that he had no reply to make to the criticisms on *Κόλασις*, and then proceeded in his argument, much to the relief of the opposite party.

*He was eloquent.* I had learned so much of his tact in controversy, and his fondness for polemics, that when I first sat down to hear him, I expected to listen to a cold, flinty argument; but I was agreeably disappointed. He drew, in a masterly manner, the comparison between the old and new dispensations. His descriptions of Moses and the sanctuary, and the altar, and the priesthood, were graphic, and to me entirely new. At the close he became exceedingly pathetic. He appeared to make no effort; but the words, freighted with beautiful thought, flowed in a steady, gentle, silvery stream, as water from a perennial fountain. Every eye was fixed upon his lips, and a breathless silence pervaded the assembly. He seemed to study to restrain emotion; and yet his apparent efforts to *allay*, served only to *heighten* excitement. He had but little gesticulation, and his voice fell when he swept the heart's chords with the greatest power. Hall said Wesley was "the quiescence of turbulence." I know no man whom this description would better suit than M. Though far from being showy, he was an orator. Who is the orator? On this question, I humbly think there are great mistakes. Celebrated orators are *rarely* such. They may have excellences, high excellences, but not oratory. Listen to that crowd as they disperse. "O what a splendid orator? what a fine forehead?" cries one. "Did you notice his sparkling eye, and his graceful gesticulation," cries another. "O, it was the music of his voice that charmed me," exclaims a third. "But," says a young gentleman, "His excellence consists in his chaste diction, his classic style, and his splendid metaphors." Pshaw! if you had been listening to an orator, you could have thought of none of these things. What is oratory? The power to sway the mind and passions of mankind. It is indicated by its effects, not by praises. Perfect oratory implies a perfect concealment of oratorical art. When the orator inflames the passions of an audience, let the thought that the excitement is the result of art creep over the assembly, and it is as though a cataract were turned down the chimney of a furnace. Peep into this crowded old Church—see the people seated on benches without backs, all intently fixed upon the preacher—they have been listening

for an hour in this position—see how they lean forward toward the pulpit, and when the speaker turns, mark how, like a wave of the sea, they turn too. Notice their mouths open as if to catch every pulsation of the air, and see how steadily and sweetly the tears flow down the furrowed cheeks, while all is profound silence, save the broken sighs that ever and anon break from the troubled bosom. When the minister argues, he takes you by a path so smooth, so green, and by steps so easy, that although he leads you entirely round the hill, you can scarce believe that your position has been altered. When he rouses your feeling, it seems to be the spontaneous outgoings of your unsealed heart. Now ask the audience what sort of a speaker is that Mr. M'Intire. "Why," they say, "he is not much of an orator; he reasons along like an old farmer—it is all plain common sense. We wonder we had not thought of it before. He is no orator; but then we like to hear him, for he always happens to strike upon something that just suits our case: while he was preaching to-day, I felt my sin and ingratitude more deeply than ever. I really did resolve no longer to resist God's grace, and intend henceforth to lead a new life."

A Baptist merchant once visited England. On his return, his friends gathered around him to hear his description of the two celebrated Baptist clergymen then in the zenith of their glory. "When I heard —," said he, "I *admired* the man. When I heard F. I lost the man, and have been so in love with Jesus ever since that I have hardly found him yet." Which was the orator?

For many years after his location, he was a magistrate; in which capacity he won a golden fame. Indeed, he was peculiarly fitted, both by nature and education, to hold a cool balance.

*His death was serene and glorious*—fit end for a tranquil, useful life. I met him a few weeks before his death, and he seated me beside him on a log in the woods, for quiet converse. His countenance was pale, his manly frame enfeebled, and a hollow cough indicated too surely that insidious disease had undermined his iron constitution; but the same serenity was seated upon his marble brow, the same kindness beamed from his animated eyes, and the same wisdom and wit sparkled in his enchanting words. When I expressed my fears in relation to his case, he manifested no emotion—he uttered not a murmur nor a fear; but presented a most lovely picture of Christian resignation. He was willing to endure afflictions, and continue his labors, if such were God's will; but he had a home in heaven, and he knew that it was better to depart and be with Jesus.

A friend of mine visited him a few days previous to his decease. The scene seems to rise before me. There is the dying saint in that rude cabin, which

has been his peaceful abode for so many years: he lies upon that pillow, where his weary head has so often been lulled to quiet slumbers, by the music of a conscience void of offense: his eye, yet unquenched, is turned toward the window, through which the declining sun—emblem of his beauteous death—is pouring mellow beams. The golden harvest is waving over the lovely eminence he has selected for the repose of his ashes; and the wild birds, as if to invite him to his rest, are singing in the branches of those green oaks that throw their shadows around it. There sits the loved partner of his life at the foot of his bed, watching and waiting, while the tears fall fast upon the ground, as she contemplates an event which, to her, seems as the loss of all earthly comfort. There stands the son, the only child, as if to catch some words of consolation for the painful hour. A whisper comes from the couch, "Sorrow not as those who have no hope."

"Well, father M.," says my friend, "how do you feel in the near view of death?"

M. "Peaceful, peaceful. My worldly business is all settled, my will made, my property adequate to the reasonable wants of my family. As to my eternal interests, *they have all been attended to long since*. I have nothing more to desire than my Savior. I have faith in his cross, he comforts me, and I rest upon his bosom. I could wish that my child, whom I am to leave in this world, were in the arms of the Church, but I commend him to God with a father's blessing. I have given him and his mother my dying counsel; and I have their promise that, at the hour of prayer, they will meet daily at the family altar for the audible and prayerful reading of God's word." Then, with a look full of eloquence, he added, after a short pause, "I have *great faith* in God's word. And now what wait I for but the summons of the grave."

He was followed to the house appointed for all living, without pomp or parade, by a few friends whom he loved while on earth, and whom, we trust, he will meet in the skies.

A few men of this class still survive among us; but they are fast passing away: they belong to a state of society that no longer exists here—a state of simple manners, of strong minds, of noble virtues—of much thought and little reading—of communion with God and nature, rather than a world of confusion.

A few reflections. 1. God takes care of his Church, and, with infinite skill, adapts his laborers to their work. 2. How beautiful the variety of the Creator's works. The same hand that paints the landscape, builds and beautifies the spiritual temple. There are diversities of operations under the same spirit. Let no one, therefore, judge rashly, or make his own experience the standard by which to examine all other Christians. 3. Let no one

judge by appearance. Our Savior made no show—he talked with publicans and sinners.

The above sketch, written entirely from recollection, may be imperfect and inaccurate, though substantially correct.

Original.

# THE GOOD MAN'S PRIVILEGE.

JEREMIAH XVII, 7, 8.

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

THE man is blest who trusts the Lord,  
Whose hope lays hold on heaven;  
His spirit dwells midst peace and love,  
He knows his sins forgiven.

He shall not fear when evil comes,  
The sacred record saith;  
And thus, in eastern metaphor,  
Exemplifies his faith:

He shall be like a tree deep set  
The river's course beside,  
Which spreadeth out its roots to meet  
The clear and flowing tide.

Though sultry suns may beam around  
That cool and sheltered verge,  
Their glitter only greets its view  
Reflected on the surge.

Its leaf shall see no change or blight,  
But fadeless verdure wear;  
And though the time of drought shall come,  
'Twill know no signs of care.

Its blossoms shall not waste nor cease,  
But yield perpetual fruit:  
Its life and strength still nourished by  
The well spring at the root.

Such is the Christian's trust in God,  
Its soil is Jesus' love;  
The stream from whence it vigor draws,  
Comes sparkling from above.

The breath of prayer the fountain stirs,  
The healing tide descends,  
And to the parch'd and thirsty soul,  
Freshness and greenness lends.

Temptation's scorching rays may try  
Faith's opening buds to blight;  
To sap the peace and blast the joy  
Both earth and hell unite;

But prayer still gathers fresh supplies,  
Beside that river pure;  
And hope triumphant flaps its wings  
The quenchless waters o'er.



Original.

## SKETCH OF A PASSAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

BY PROFESSOR LAWSON.

IN the month of April, 1845, we left Whitehall, N. Y., on a steamer, to be conveyed to the ship Liverpool, which was at anchor in the bay, about two miles distant. We were soon safely placed on board this fine ship of eleven hundred tons, which is commanded by Captain E., one of the most experienced sailors of New York.

The passengers and "luggage" being all safely placed on board, we were slowly towed down the bay, and enjoyed an excellent opportunity of viewing the fine harbor. This consists of what is known as the *inner* and the *outer* harbors. The inner harbor embraces a distance of eight miles, extending from what is called the *Narrows* to the city, and some distance up the North and East rivers. The outer harbor includes the remainder of the bay, extending from the Narrows to Sandy Hook. This latter point is eighteen miles from New York. It has a light-house, which is of great importance in guiding ships into the harbor. The water on the bar here is only twenty-seven feet at high water, and twenty-one at low, allowing six feet for the rise of the tide.

New York harbor is certainly well guarded against invasion by hostile ships. The fortifications at the Narrows are peculiarly formidable; and so completely do they command the entrance to the inner harbor, that it is evidently impossible for any vessels to pass with safety. On the eastern shore of Long Island stand Fort Hamilton and Fort Lafayette, mounting one hundred and sixty-sixty-four pounders. The latter fort is built on a reef of rocks, two hundred yards from the shore. Immediately opposite these fortifications, on the western shore of Staten Island, are Fort Tompkins and Fort Richmond, which can mount any number of guns requisite for defense. The Narrows at this point is about six hundred yards wide: consequently, the fort completely commands the entrance.

At the time of our departure from Whitehall, the wind was east southeast, precisely where it should not be to favor the sailing of the ship; but the Captain and pilot were of opinion that a favorable change would occur, and thus give the ship a chance to gain an offing. In this apparently reasonable expectation, however, we were disappointed. An easterly wind still prevailing, it became necessary to cast anchor in the outer harbor, three miles within Sandy Hook, in what is known as the "Horse-shoe."

The passengers manifest great anxiety to proceed—the Captain and pilot are importuned about

the weather, as though they were the special agents of the elements, and had the wind, as they have the rigging of the ship, under their immediate control. All seem anxious to speed on to the stormy ocean, and to hurry into the midst of the wild waves from which they may never return—or rather *we*, for our fate is now merged into a common result. The absolute dangers, however, incident to a sea voyage are occasionally adverted to; and when the fate of the lamented President is called to mind, or the melancholy and more recent loss of the packet ships England and United States, the dangers of the ocean are fearfully apparent, and give rise to the most anxious inquiries relative to the *cause* of these disasters. The fate of the President will ever be remembered as a sad warning to mariners. She had safely crossed the ocean several times, and those who embarked on her last passage anticipated similar success—they indulged the same buoyant hope with which *we* are *now* inspired—all were anxious then, as now, to speed their way to the broad ocean; and they did go, but to return no more! The second day after she sailed from New York a violent east gale came on, which blew steadily with great violence for some hours, and then suddenly shifting to the northwest, and blowing a tremendous hurricane for five or six hours. This large ship, of two thousand tons burden, no doubt foundered, and all on board sank in the ocean, to rise no more until the last trump shall awake the sleeping dead.

Our Captain was out in this fearful storm; but he weathered the gale, losing, however, his main-topsail, and receiving other damage. He knew that the President had gone to sea; and, with his knowledge of the construction of that vessel, and the violence of the storm, he then, with the mariner's prophetic warning, told his passengers that the President would never again be seen.

The packet ships England and United States, belonging to New York, sailed from Liverpool, the first on the 26th of November last, and the latter on the 1st of December following, and they were lost, with their entire crews, on the 11th or 12th of December. The storm on this occasion was unusually violent; and having continued for a number of hours, until a heavy sea was raised, it suddenly abated. In this condition vessels are unmanageable: the sails are not filled, and they are perfectly uncontrollable, and at the mercy of the waves, which would now roll higher than during the violence of the storm, and the ships were consequently swamped. This sudden cessation of a storm is regarded as almost, if not quite unprecedented in the Atlantic, and, therefore, the recurrence of such disasters is not much dreaded.

The calmness of the atmosphere, and quietude of the ship, as she rests upon the smooth surface

of New York bay, is a condition of things which must change: the evidence of a different state of affairs is but too palpably manifested in the arrangements of the ship. In the first place it is remarked that the dishes are secured on the table by surrounding frames, evidently to guard against an accident which might be equally disagreeable to a *dandy* or an *epicure*—the pitchers, tumblers, &c., are securely placed in circular holes, to prevent a sudden introduction to the floor—looking-glasses are firmly screwed to the walls, and all movable bodies, passengers excepted, are properly secured. But what is still more alarming is, the discovery that the berths are provided with ample bulwarks in front, clearly enough indicating that this fixture is to prevent a tumble on the floor. These arrangements indicate what awaits the passenger; and when the Captain talks of half a dozen cooks being necessary to hold the sauce-pans on the fire, future events are looked for with some degree of trepidation.

No material event occurred to vary the monotony of an outer harbor anchorage, until Sunday, our fourth day in the bay. The day passed quietly until four o'clock, when a "cats-paw" came rippling over the surface of the water, which was followed by a gentle westerly breeze. The order was immediately given to hoist the topsail-yards, set the sails, and make ready for sea. The breeze, however, was transient, and the rattling of the anchor chain announced that the ship was still securely moored in the harbor. At half-past six o'clock clouds began to gather in the west, and a gentle breeze from that point came sweeping over the waters. The pilot's practiced eye scanned closely the clouds and the wind, but regarding it merely as a squall, it was not deemed prudent to weigh anchor. As the clouds passed to the north, however, and a light horizon peeped under them, the pilot, as if by intuition, caught the indication, and hastily throwing on his water-proof coat and hat, gave the order to "man the windlass." Twenty active sailors were instantly at the windlass, and keeping time with their peculiar marine song, with the animating chorus of "Cheerily O, cheerily!" the anchor came quickly up, and in the next instant the mainsails, topsails, topgallants, and royals were set, the spanker-sheet hoisted, and the noble ship was fairly under way.

The ship passed out of the harbor after dark, and we were deprived of the pleasure of looking back upon our receding native land and the opening ocean before us. The light-houses, however, upon the shore, were peculiarly beautiful, especially that on Sandy Hook, and the revolving light of Neversink. The ship, now under full sail, presents a peculiarly grand sight. Standing upon the after deck, and looking up the mainmast, the broad ex-

pense of canvass was truly grand. Extending from the deck to the top of the mast, one hundred and twenty-five feet, was one continued sheet of canvass, consisting of the mainsail, topsail, topgallant, and royal, all spread to the breeze, and standing out in bold relief on the dark skies. It resembled a vast pyramid rising from the depths of the briny sea, pointing its tall summit high in the air, and mingling with the clouds.

The next morning we enjoyed a view of the wide, expanded ocean. Nothing was visible but sky and sea. As far as the eye could reach, equidistant on every side, the sky dipped down into the ocean, and the vaulted form over head completed what seemed to be a vast amphitheatre. The bounds of vision were much less, apparently, than I had anticipated. It seemed as though the eye ran to an eminence about two miles distant in either direction, and when this elevation was gained, that an *extensive view* could be commanded. It thus presented the appearance of a *concave circle*, with the vaulted sky above. In this circle, or *oceanic amphitheatre*, it could be readily imagined that old Neptune held wild revels, and tossed the sea monster to and fro with his trident by way of amusement. The water of the ocean here, *on soundings*, is of a light green and blue compound color, or rather it has a greenish hue, slightly tinged with blue. This, however, is an illusion; for the water is in truth transparent.

The next morning was exceedingly fine, and the ship was moving slowly and quietly over the ocean. In the evening, however, a breeze began to set in from the northwest, which gradually increased until it became quite strong. The royal and topgallant sails were speedily hauled in, and we moved on at the rate of ten knots under double-reefed topsails. The breeze was very strong, amounting, indeed, to a gale; and as the ship was heading nearly east, and the wind blew from northwest, the vessel was necessarily very much inclined to the starboard. It seemed truly fearful to witness the inclined position of the vessel while she was plunging into the heavy sea, although there was really no danger. The pitching of the vessel, however, is not yet very great, because its rapid motion through the water prevents excessive rolling and pitching; and, moreover, it requires several hours to raise a heavy sea, and, in fact, the greatest motion occurs when the wind begins to subside.

At this period a new feature occurs in our history. Tightness across the forehead, giddiness, nausea, and a remarkable sense of weariness, premonitory signs announcing the commencement of the much dreaded *sea-sickness*, are developed in many passengers. I endeavored to resist the approach of the symptoms by active exercise on deck, but it did not prove wholly successful, although



the symptoms were somewhat mitigated. It may be proper here, incidentally, to remark, that diluted sulphuric acid and ice seemed to relieve the nausea more than any other single remedy. Finding the symptoms increasing, I "turned in" at an early hour, with the hope that sleep would mitigate the sickness. Disappointment, however, ensued. The sickness is the direct result of the motion, and that interminable motion continuing without the slightest cessation, the effect is indescribably distressing. As the vessel bounded high in the air, and again sunk deep into its watery bed, the peculiar sensation produced in the head would instantly pervade the system, producing neither positive pain nor absolute disease, but rather a sensation of sinking, and a degree of lassitude unknown in any other disease of no greater intensity.

The motion of the ship was very strange and peculiar. I was constantly reminded of some vast monster struggling with ten thousand inferior beings, and endeavoring to free itself from the continued assault. Now pitching and plunging forward, as if determined, by one great effort, to drive every antagonist from the attack; but apparently foiled in this effort, she recoiled and shook from bow to stern; and now the enemy, gaining confidence by the failure, renews the attack in the form of a tremendous wave dashing against the starboard side with a noise like the low rumbling of distant thunder, and shaking the ship from bow to stern, again temporarily hauls off, but to renew the attack. As a result of this attack, the ship rolls from side to side as if writhing in agony from the wound inflicted. Now a truce is established for a brief time; and, what seemed very strange, the ship would lie perfectly quiet for a few seconds. The truce, however, was of short duration; and the series of attack, resistance, and cessation were renewed with but little variation.

Sleep was entirely out of the question; nor was it possible to lie with any degree of comfort in the narrow *box* denominated a *berth*. No sooner would a position be assumed, apparently most favorable for ease, than a lurch of the ship would very unceremoniously change it, as much as to say, "Try that, sir;" and taking it for granted that this new position *was* the best, a permanent location was anticipated. In this, however, as in many other human calculations, disappointment speedily followed the conclusion thus prematurely adopted, and the next sea would place the occupant in altogether a new position, with the almost audible expression, "Try again." And now, as if to mock the tempest-tost, sleepless soul, *perfect stillness* ensues, which is really more distressing than the excessive motion. This stillness is very peculiar and strange, and produces the most remarkable sensations. The irregularity of motion is a character-

istic feature. Constant pitching or constant rolling might be endured; but when we experience one moment pitching, the next rolling, and then an interval of perfect quietude, and the whole combined and varied to an infinite extent, it becomes a source of indescribable suffering.

The following morning found but few persons at the table. As after the disasters of a destructive battle, our ranks were much reduced. We were now *off soundings*, that is, no bottom can be reached by sounding. The water has changed its color, being now of a decided bluish tinge. A bucket full was hauled on deck, and it proved to be perfectly transparent, and intensely salt, no other taste being perceptible. We are now in the Gulf Stream, and the temperature of the water is 72°, while the thermometer in the air is 60°, showing that the Stream is of a higher temperature than the surrounding medium. This stream, commencing on the coast of Florida, flowing four or five knots, conveys the warm water from the south along the eastern coast of the continent, and extending northeast, gradually expands and is lost. This current may possibly be produced by the tides, but more probably depends on the rotary motion of the earth.

The wind having become moderate, and some days of fine weather succeeding, sea-sickness measurably subsided. On the evening of the 2d of May, however, a strong breeze set in, which produced great motion. The waves rolled, if not "mountains high," at least to such an altitude as to inspire the beholder with awe and admiration. As the ship plunged through the water, foaming billows were dashed from the bow and sides with crests white as the fleecy snow, and these mingling with less agitated water, presented the appearance of a white cloud spreading over an azure sky. The top of each billow, as it rolls from the ship, forms, in miniature, the outline of ten thousand cataracts, whirling and eddying in all the fantastic forms that the imagination could associate with fabled naiads of the sea. The waves followed no particular order of succession—they rolled on irregularly, swelling higher and higher, until the greatest altitude was attained, and then, as a last effort to reach the clouds, concentrating all its force at the apex, the blue liquid would fairly leap into the air, and dashing up white spray, spread a shower of briny drops on every side. A vast excavation suddenly appears by the vessel's side, like a yawning gulf, and the next instant is replaced by a liquid hill, rolling off in the utmost grandeur.

As night closed around us, rain fell in torrents. The scene was wild and grand. Dark, massive clouds hung over the ship, and we seemed shut out from all communication with the universe, except the little circular area, which had been our constant companion, the angry sea and black clouds.

I remained below deck until the confined atmosphere and excessive motion induced nausea, giddiness, and extreme sense of weariness and debility. But what could be done? To retire to my *stateroom* (a six by eight coop, with a little port-hole to admit air in calm weather, but which was now closed to prevent the ingress of water) would have been madness, for here the air was thick as a London fog, and to breathe it in a state of sickness and exhaustion, was agony even in thought, and in actual practice was not to be tolerated for a moment. And to go on deck in this fearful night was a sad alternative; but the inspiring hope of fresh air overcame every other sensation, and maintaining the centre of gravity by the aid of whatever came in the way, I succeeded in reaching the deck. Here all was darkness; not a light was on deck, except a lantern to illuminate the compass by which the man at the wheel could steer. The Captain and mate, clad in their water-proofs, were rapidly pacing the deck, and the trusty sailors, notwithstanding the intense darkness, did their duty manfully; and they could, instantly, when a command was given, find any rope among the forest of ropes that seemed to encumber the vessel. The sails had been mostly taken in; the royals and topgallants were reefed, and the mainsail clewed up, and we were dashing on before the wind at the rate of ten knots, with only fore and main-topsail and a double-reefed mizzen-topsail. The Captain's coarse voice to the man at the wheel, "Nothing off," was responded to in good earnest, "Nothing off, sir." And on we sped, assured, at least, that we were rapidly pursuing our course.

The fresh air proved so invigorating, that notwithstanding the rain fell in torrents, I could not resist the inclination to remain on deck. Stepping to the side of the vessel, and looking over the bulwarks to see her reel and plunge almost to the water's edge, a sight burst upon my view of the most grand and sublime character. Darkness was intense; the heavy clouds had excluded every ray of light; and the wind howled and groaned as it wound among the masts, yards, spars, and ropes, and responded in a solemn wail to the lashing surge beneath. As I looked into the foaming waves, broad sheets of fire flashed up, and living coals seemed darting through the black waters. As a majestic wave came rolling to the ship, it was crested with gleaming light, as if it were a guide to show the liquid monster to its prey; and when it burst against the vessel's side and expanded into a broad sheet, a bright light covered its surface, and illuminated the dark scene in a grand but fearful manner. At the same time, looking into the more quiet portions of the water, myriads of bright sparks, more brilliant than diamonds, darted

in vast numbers through the water, well representing numberless sparks from a burning house flying through the air. And, as far as the eye could reach, lights were hung out from the top of each billow, or spread out in broad sheets, or flashing fitfully before the eye and sinking again into the water, and anon rising in long circling lines like the wild fire running through a forest. Being informed that the spectacle was peculiarly grand at the bow, I tied my cap tightly on, and through wind and rain, conducted by the Captain through the masses of ropes and rigging, I stood upon the bow and had a distinct view of the vessel plunging through the waves. Here a sea of liquid fire seemed to be foaming beneath the ship, giving more an idea of an ocean of molten lava than common water. The ship deeply plunging into the sea, the water was dashed far forward and light gleamed from every drop.

No scene, exhibited by nature, is more grand, stupendous, and awful than that here described. The traveler may stand upon the volcanic mountain's drear peak, and witness the hot lava bursting from the burning caverns beneath, but he will behold nothing more grand and sublime than, during the darkness of night, with wind and rain loudly roaring, a *phosphorescent* ocean.

A *Sabbath* at sea certainly presents but little variation from any other day. True, the crew and passengers change clothing, which aids the careless in keeping their reckoning; but the church bells, and the crowds leisurely advancing to the sanctuaries of worship, are wanting to remind the voyager that it positively is the Sabbath. An obvious change, however, could be observed in most of the passengers, from which it was evident that *even here* the day has not lost all of its influence. Even the worthy Captain, a salt of twenty years, intimated that the common amusements should cease, notwithstanding the mariners' rule that Sunday extends but seven fathoms from shore. The sailors mostly retired to the fore-castle, probably more for the purpose of "spinning yarns," than for spiritual devotion.

Several monotonous days passed by, varied by no incident worthy of remark, until we were aroused by an apprehension of ice. We are now off what is termed the Grand Banks, and every precaution is being taken to discover ice if any be near. With the view of ascertaining the temperature of the water, it was ordered to be tested by the thermometer, and the mate reported 58°, which was quite satisfactory, but as a matter of prudence, it was ordered that it be tested every half hour. The next half hour test showed a reduction to 40°! This alarming annunciation aroused the vigilant commander, and to be sure of the fact, he tested it himself and found it reduced to 38°! Night now closed in and



no inconsiderable degree of anxiety was manifested, for it could not be concealed that all felt a decided aversion to encountering a mountain of ice at that particular time and place. Four men were stationed on the forecastle to look out for danger, the sails were eased, and the water tested every thirty minutes. The Captain remained on deck all night, and reported various changes, sometimes a variation of  $20^{\circ}$  was detected within a few fathoms. In the morning the temperature was found to be  $47^{\circ}$ , which measurably relieved our apprehensions. It was conceded by all, however, that the extreme coldness of the water indicated the presence of ice, and our Captain accordingly steered east by south, which evinced a high degree of prudence.

The smallest event to change the monotony of a dull day at sea, creates no inconsiderable excitement on shipboard. Thus the appearance of a Bremen brig called all hands on deck, and it was interesting to witness the mute conversation between the vessels. Our ensign was hoisted, which was immediately responded to by that of the brig, next our name was hung out, when the colors and number of the brig were run up, which was answered by the stars and stripes proudly floating in the breeze. The brig was a low, black vessel, crowded with persons, and seemed to have portholes; all this readily enough brought to mind the "long, low black" vessels of piratical remembrance. But she no doubt contained hundreds of German emigrants destined for the United States. Another brig passed, and to show what occurs at sea, the conversation is appended. Her skipper, with trumpet in hand, appeared on deck and hailed us, "Ship ahoy." Which was answered, by our Captain, "Ahoy." "Where are you from?" "New York." "Where are you bound?" "Liverpool." "What is your longitude?" " $35^{\circ} 50'$ ." "What is yours?" " $34^{\circ}$ ."

When the weather is calm and pleasant, the monsters of the deep seem conscious of the genial air, and come to the surface apparently to pay their respects to the passing voyager. On one of these occasions, a score of porpoises were seen rising in rapid succession, showing their finny embellishments, and again plunging under the surface. At another point spouts a gigantic whale, and then another and another, until the surface is white, in various directions, with the watery columns thrown high into the air. A very large one favored us with a near view of his whaleship, rising several times to the surface near the ship; but, as if abashed by our impertinent gazing, he soon disappeared.

Although we are here deprived of the green earth, the blooming shrubs and plants, and the sweet notes of birds, we have, to compensate for the deficiency, a grandeur of scenes unknown in the legends of the landsman. A *clear sunset* at sea is

one of the most magnificent sights the human mind can contemplate.

On a calm evening, light clouds hung about the western horizon, but did not obscure the sun; on the contrary, they heightened the beauty of the scene. Rising from the water's edge was an extensive embankment of a dull, brazen hue, which, toward its summit, gradually mellowed into a livelier and brighter shade, until it glowed with the roseate light of a sea-girt cloud. Still above this gorgeous sheet of burnished air hung masses, irregularly dispersed, but, nevertheless, serving, like silken festoons, to add a new embellishment to the aerial picture, as they gracefully unfolded in the most beautiful forms. At one point the sky was a dull gray, at another a beautiful azure, the whole seeming fresh from an artist's brush. But the life of the picture remains to be seen—we have before us only the canvass with the ground colors hastily laid on. Behold, then, in front of this broad sheet a vast ball of dark red fire slowly descending, as if to cool its burning face in the ocean wave. Gradually the ball descends like a body lowered by an unseen hand, and the wide, weltering waves laving the brazen band that seemed to surround them, gently leaping into the air to meet the descending orb, seemed ready to kiss the burning face of the god of day. One small cloud, an azure blue, stretched across the upper margin of the sun's disc like a masked hand guiding the body to the sea. With a subdued brilliancy, the sun presented a pure golden hue which I had not before witnessed. But the scene hastened to a close: the machinery of time, as if wearied with the effort, seemed rapidly accelerated as the sinking orb approached the water's surface. And now, the color of molten iron, the lower edge dipped into a wave which rose high to meet the first radiant rays that sped with dimmed light through the air to mingle with the pearly drops glistening below. Lower and lower sinks the dark golden orb, and a slight mist, resting low on that strange horizon, seemed to arise from the heated water. Now the mind is startled to behold a vast golden dome resting on the wild ocean, the only object on that drear waste; and as the waves ripple across the disc, displaying a serrated line, one half of the sun is lost in the water. Another instant, and a bright crescent edge, struggling among the waves, was all that remained. Again I looked, and all was gone! The scene closed—the clouds above lost their borrowed hues, and all that remained were the deformed masses of vapor frowning on the gloomy waves, inaudibly murmuring for the loss of their bright orb.

Turning from this faded scene, and looking toward the east, the silver moon was seen beaming in mild and placid rays upon the oriental hemisphere, and I fancied she smiled with gratified pride,

like a spoiled damsel when a superior object of attraction has been vanquished. The contrast was pleasing. The broad full moon imparted new charms to the scene, which served to dispel the gloominess resting on the dark waves; and as she became the ruling orb, and silvered the ocean's surface, and crested each billow with a sparkling ray, joyousness again rested upon the great deep, and the quietude of a calm sea night gathered around like the silent waving of an aerial canopy gently spread by angel hands.

During the latter part of the voyage we encountered much head wind, which threw us off the due course, and rendered frequent tacking necessary. The tedium of this part of the passage it is unnecessary to detail. At the distance of one hundred and fifty miles from the coast of Ireland, we were sensibly impressed by the odor of the burning peat.

The operation of tacking a ship is a beautiful sight, admirably displaying the skill of the officers and the perfection of the rigging; but to the weary passenger it is a grievous occurrence; for the course is so far altered from the true one, that but little progress can be made. After thus tacking from side to side of St. George's Channel, at one time in sight of the coast of Wales, and at another that of Ireland, we finally arrived at Point Lynas. Here a pilot came on board, and in a short time the ship was taken in tow by a steam tug-boat, and we were soon safely moored in Waterloo Dock, sincerely thankful to Providence for a safe delivery from the dangers of the ocean.



Original.

# REMEMBERED MUSIC.

BY REV. E. M'CLURE.

THE loch was all smooth at the foot of the mountain,

Where a streamlet ran down from its silvery fountain;

There oft have I gazed on those waters, reposing  
In stillness and shadow, when daylight was closing,  
Till far, far away o'er the rich blooming heather,  
With spirit unbroken, and proud of his feather,  
The gold-crested eagle came home to his eyrie—  
Till the glow-worm shone out like the lamp of a fairy,

And lit it again, as it seemed, in the water,  
To gleam in pale contrast with deep hues of slaughter,

Which the sun's crimson banners reflected at even,  
When the lake was all red as the red clouds of heaven.

O, there by the loch, in the soft summer gloaming,  
How fondly I listened, while others were roaming,

To music that came like the voice of the ocean  
When evening has calm'd all its wildest commotion!

From flute, harp, and voices the harmony blended,  
Oft waking a sigh when the music was ended:  
It opened the springs from which sympathy rushes,  
The tear drop that falls, and the fountain that gushes;  
So plaintive the strain, yet so gentle the measure,  
It came o'er the heart with a grief and a pleasure,  
And seemed, like the voice of a spirit harp, stealing  
O'er passion, and fire, and the echoes of feeling,  
Now melting the bosom, now moving to sadness,  
Entrancing the ear, or exciting to madness;  
For grand were those notes that came over the water,

And sang of the dead, and the old civil slaughter.

Why not, since produced by the voice and the fingers  
Of . . . . . ? Ah! still memory lingers  
O'er the names, and the scenes, and the days of  
my boyhood—

O'er thee, thou lov'd loch, on the edge of the wild-wood,

Where music repressed even the play of the billow,  
Drew sighs from the rock, and green tears from the willow.

. . . . .

Ah, me! can those wild numbers perish? No,  
never!

Their echoes remain in my bosom for ever.



## ASCENDING FROM EARTH.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace;

Rise from transitory things  
Toward heaven thy native place.

Sun, and moon, and stars decay,  
Time shall soon this earth remove;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
Fire ascending seeks the sun:  
Both speed them to their source.  
So a soul that's born of God,  
Pants to view his glorious face;  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
Press onward to the prize;  
Soon the Savior will return  
Triumphant in the skies.  
Yet a season, and you know  
Happy entrance will be given,  
All our sorrow left below,  
And earth exchanged for heaven.



Original.

## EVIDENCES OF GROWTH IN GRACE.

THE close of a year or the commencement of a new one is a suitable time for reflection. The merchant then strikes his balance-sheet for the year, and ascertains his true situation; whether he be richer or poorer than when the year began. Knowing his real situation, he is ready to enlarge or contract his business for the ensuing year, according to his present means. It would be wise for every professor of religion to follow the same example, and strike the spiritual balance-sheet, in order that he might know whether or not he has made any advances in spiritual wealth and possessions during the year. The command of the Bible is, "*Grow in grace.*" "*Be ye holy as your Father in heaven is holy.*" In order to furnish a test, whereby we may try our own characters and situations, according to the suggestion just made, the present article is devoted to a consideration of some of the evidences of growth in grace, or an increase of personal holiness.

These must be exhibited to the individual himself alone; or to others as well as himself. The former may be strictly called the *internal* evidences; the latter the *external*. As, however, the latter, when genuine, are the result of that state of heart which constitutes the former, and are thus intimately connected, I shall not burden my readers with any logical distinctions; but shall consider them together, both as existing in the heart and exhibiting themselves in the life of him who possesses them.

*First. An increasing spirit of acquiescence in whatever God does.* The great and distinguishing characteristic of the unrenowned heart is, the preferring of its own will to that of God, and acting in accordance with such preference. In regeneration, the heart is brought to *submit* to the will of God, and to take that as the rule of its conduct. It submits quietly and peacefully, because it has confidence in Him, that he will do all things well. But there is a difference between submission—even voluntary and cordial submission—and *acquiescence*. The former depends chiefly upon a confidence in God, resulting from his own declaration, and the testimony of others: the latter, upon our own experience. Hence, the more the Christian knows, experimentally, of the character of God, and of his dealings with his own soul, the more readily does he acquiesce in all the dealings of his providence, whether externally prosperous or adverse. Every act of God's providence only increases his confidence, and draws him nearer to the centre of his affections. Does prosperity attend his earthly path? He feels that it comes from his Father's hand. Is he suddenly deprived of these comforts? Are his friends removed from his embrace by the re-

lentless hand of Death? Does disease invade his own frail tabernacle? In all these events he immediately recognizes the hand of a kind Father administering the rod for his benefit. He hears continually a gentle voice whispering to his inmost soul,

"I love thee—I love thee, pass under the rod."

And although no affliction is joyous, but grievous; yet it works out for him the peaceful fruits of righteousness. And, under all, he can exclaim, with the pious Job, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!"

It was not thus always. There was a time, even after he gave his heart to God, when he felt that such things were judgments, and not blessings. And it was not until after many and severe struggles, that he brought his heart to submit; and hushed the murmurings of a rebellious spirit. What has produced this change? But one thing, in the economy of grace, is adequate for its production: and that is, an increased *experimental* acquaintance with God. Hence, the existence of the one may fairly be taken as evidence of the other. And this constitutes an important, and even an essential element, of an increase of personal holiness.

*Second. An increasing affection for the people of God.* As the Christian becomes more and more assimilated to the character of God, he finds less delight in things of a merely worldly nature; and more in those of an opposite character. If he is himself increasing in holiness, his affections will be constantly rising, and centring more and more exclusively on holy objects. And if his own thoughts, desires, feelings, and conversation be in heaven, and about heaven, such as are of a kindred spirit will be more dear to his heart than those of a contrary character. Moreover, if his heart dwells with delight upon the character of God, and is united to him by a living faith, he will find delight in every thing which pleases God, or in any way reflects that character. Hence, his strongest earthly attachments are for the people of God. He loves them all, whatever may be their outward condition, or circumstances, because they love the same Savior, and reflect, though, perhaps, in different degrees, his moral image. In the poor, neglected, persecuted follower of Christ, he beholds a brother—a fellow-heir to an immortal crown, and joys which are unfading. He is peculiarly careful of their feelings and reputation. For he remembers, that whatever touches them touches the apple of his Father's eye. When they are injured, his Savior feels the wound. He has learned to weep with them when they weep, and to rejoice when they rejoice.

He also recognizes the external relation subsisting between Christ and his people. He feels that whenever the world would cast reproach upon any individual Christian, or upon the whole col-

lectively, the cause of his Redeemer is thereby affected. He is as ready to defend them from the tongue of calumny or slander, as he would be to defend himself. And although he loves all men with impartial benevolence, yet toward his brethren he feels such ties of affection as can only subsist between those whose feelings, whose purposes, and whose prospects are the same. Those who reflect most perfectly the image of his Master, no matter by what name they may be called, or by what external circumstances surrounded, are most dear to his heart. He enjoys more real pleasure when conversing or praying with the humble inmate of some lonely cottage, than he does, or can, with the proud occupant of the most spacious mansion. It may be thought that this declaration can only apply to those who are far advanced in their Christian course; but observation leads to the conclusion, that wherever grace in the heart is an *active, growing* principle, there, to a greater or less extent, the declaration is true. The pleasure, arising from such a course, may be more *vivid* in the advanced Christian, but no more *real*.

To the Christian who is growing in grace, whose heart is alive to spiritual things, and whose conversation is in heaven, there appears to be a bond of union between the saints on earth and the saints in heaven, which is intimate and inseparable. With him, the Church militant and the Church triumphant are all one in Christ.

"One family they dwell in him,  
One Church above—beneath;  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death."

Yet this division is only of temporary duration. The transition from the one to the other is continually going on.

"Part of the hosts have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now."

Hence, he can stand by the bed of death, and view one after another take his departure with most perfect composure. He does not feel that they are lost, either to himself or the Church. His only feeling is, that they have preceded himself but a short time. And ere their harps are fully strung, he expects himself to join their songs of deliverance. In a word, the growing Christian has some true, *realizing* sense of the connection between the visible and the invisible world. His eyes, like those of the prophet's servant, are open to spiritual perceptions. And this causes him to feel toward God, and his people, and the eternal world, what the drowsy or slumbering Christian can neither realize nor appreciate. This remark will also apply, in its spirit, to the next mentioned evidence of a growing state, which is,

*Third. An increasing delight in the duties of*

*religion.* The Christian who is growing in grace, finds continually more and more delight in serving God. His word becomes more precious every day.

"By day he reads its wonders o'er,  
And meditates by night."

It becomes to him an inexhaustible storehouse of the richest treasure. Concerning it he is ever ready to exclaim, "O, how love I thy law—it is sweeter to my taste than honey and the honey-comb." It is the famous mirror John Bunyan saw on the delectable mountains. Turn it one side, and it reveals every feature of the Christian character, both before and after regeneration; and with the other it discloses to his enraptured view the whole character of God. It is his chart—his guide—his companion—his solace—his all. Weighed by this standard, every action is estimated according to its true worth; and its value, in the currency of heaven, is stamped upon it. Like the friendship of a true friend, the oftener it is tested, the more endeared does it become, until the Christian comes to place that entire and implicit confidence in it, which will not admit the possibility of a doubt.

The growing Christian also finds increasing delight in PRAYER. It becomes to his soul what the air does to his body—without it he cannot live. As his own character becomes more and more assimilated to that of his Redeemer, so does the sweetness of communion with him continually increase. To him, prayer is not a dull, and formal, and irksome employment; but the sweet, and calm, and intimate communion of his own spirit with that of his God. The Being with whom he holds such sweet intercourse, does not appear at a great distance, but condescends to draw near; and the Christian communes with him as a man would with his friend. In all situations and circumstances he finds it sweet to call upon God. At home or abroad, in prosperity or adversity, in sickness or health, yea, in life or in death, in all circumstances, he finds God his friend, and ever ready to hear the voice of his supplication. To him, the cross of Christ, and the throne of glory, appear ever accessible. And he often longs for the arrival of that happy day, when his communion shall be complete and undisturbed—when he shall lay all the encumbrances of his clay tenement in the peaceful grave, and hold immediate and uninterrupted intercourse with his God and Savior for ever.

Another source of increasing delight to the growing Christian, is the sacred interviews between Christ and his people at the communion table. It is here that the Christian's soul expands with love. It is here he obtains a more vivid and complete view of the transcendent love of God in Christ, and of his own vileness and demerit. Here, while at the foot of the cross, does he feel the



waves of God's love, like a mighty ocean, rolling over his soul. In the language of the beloved Taylor, he "feels himself sinking, sinking, sinking, in the unfathomable ocean of God's boundless love!" It is here that heaven opens before him, and he obtains a sweet foretaste of that bliss which is in reserve for his purified soul at the right hand of God. While his own heart overflows with love, he desires that all should see in his Savior that inexpressible loveliness which he sees; and to feel, with him, the warm pulsations of that Savior's heart. But, alas! millions of his fellow-sinners know nothing, experimentally, of a Savior's love. They are rejecting the only means of pardon and salvation which a God of infinite benevolence has devised. While he pities and pleads for them, his willing hands are ready to engage in any plan, the object of which is, to bring them back from their wandering to God. He realizes that he is not his own; but was bought with the precious blood of the Son of God. And that every thing which he possesses is only *lent* to him, to glorify God therewith. To this blest cause his property, his time, his talents, his influence, his all, is dedicated for time and eternity. His great desire is to extend the kingdom of his Redeemer throughout the earth. In this he begins at home. He endeavors to bring all, within the sphere of his immediate influence, to submit to Christ. But he does not confine his efforts within any prescribed limits. His field is the *world*. Wherever man is found, a sinner against God, there does his benevolence extend. There would he send the glad news of pardon through a crucified Redeemer. With him, "thy kingdom come," is no unmeaning petition, or one of infrequent use. It is his daily prayer. And to secure its speedy answer, as far as human instrumentality can accomplish it, is his daily effort.

*Fourth. Increasing watchfulness against sin* is another evidence of growing spirituality. The student, who would make high intellectual attainments, must be diligent in the use of *all* the appropriate means. Eminence in knowledge is the goal to which he is constantly pressing. If he would attain the high object of his hopes and aspirations, every conflicting interest, or pleasure, must yield to this.

The astronomer watches, with painful constancy and attention, the minutest movements of the heavenly bodies, in order to ascertain their varying positions, and the laws which regulate their movements.

The lawyer, whose greatest solicitude is to sustain the cause of his client, examines, with the strictest scrutiny, every part of the evidence adduced. He endeavors to ascertain, if possible, the point at which his antagonist will seek to invali-

date, or, in any way, set aside the testimony; and frames his defense accordingly.

The chemist, who wishes to detect some supposed poison, is indefatigable in his investigations. He tries every known test; and watches, with eager anxiety, the result.

The general, who would be successful, watches with utmost care every movement of the enemy. He re-examines his own preparations and fortifications; disposes his troops in the most advantageous manner; and guards, with double force, those points at which an attack is most likely to be made.

All these have a definite object before them; to the accomplishment of which, all their energies are directed; while anticipated success gilds their pathway, although beset with difficulties. The Christian, who would grow in grace, has also his object of attainment. That object is, to become entirely assimilated to the moral image of his Savior—to eradicate from his heart every sin. This is not the work of a moment. It requires long and arduous struggling, and unceasing watchfulness. In every other pursuit, it is expected, that the amount of exertion put forth, shall correspond to the interests involved. What earthly object of pursuit can compare with this? Shall the votary of ambition, or pleasure, devote every energy of his body and mind to the accomplishment of some favorite scheme, and the Christian fall behind him in energy and perseverance? Such an imputation should never be cast upon the Christian character.

This watchfulness and self-examination is necessary, both from the deceptive and insidious character of sin, and from the acquired strength of previously formed habits. Satan can, and often does, assume the garb of an angel of light. His temptations are oftentimes concealed under the appearance of religion; for every virtue in the Christian system has its counterfeit, which the wary adversary attempts to substitute for the priceless gem. The power of previously formed habit, also, sometimes becomes so strong, that nothing short of Divine grace can overcome it. As the growing Christian advances nearer and nearer to the throne of God, its ineffable glory and purity will cause him, by comparison, to see and lothe his sin with deeper detestation. Its moral turpitude, and its ruinous effects and tendencies in the moral government of free and accountable agents, is seen in something of its true light. With such views, how does he lothe and abhor himself on account of his transgressions. As he sees more of the true character of his heavenly Father, how it grieves him to think of his continued offenses against a being of such goodness, holiness, and love! As he perceives more of the wonders of the plan of redemption, and *feels* more of the love of a crucified Savior glowing in his heart, what feelings of revenge,

against those sins which caused such sufferings, takes possession of his breast. With a soul overcome with such a view of sin and ingratitude, he is led to exclaim, with the poet,

"O, how I hate those lusts of mine  
That crucified my Lord:  
Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh  
Fast to the fatal wood!  
Yes! my Redeemer, they shall die;  
My heart has so decreed;  
Nor will I spare the guilty things  
That made my Savior bleed.  
While with a melting, broken heart,  
My murdered Lord I view,  
I'll raise revenge against my sins,  
And slay the murderers too."

Such feelings naturally lead to deep searchings of heart—to more constant watchfulness against sin. Such sorrow will not willingly reside in the heart with that which caused it; "for behold," says an inspired apostle, speaking of the effects of such sorrow, "for behold this self-same thing, that ye sorrowed after a godly sort, what carefulness it wrought in you; yea, what clearing of yourselves; yea, what indignation; yea, what fear; yea, what vehement desire; yea, what zeal; yea, what revenge!" 2 Cor. vii, 11.

While in this state, what vigilance will the true disciple of Christ manifest in searching for and detecting sin! By sad experience, as well as by the testimony of God's word, he has learned the deceitfulness and desperate depravity of his own heart. He feels the need of the deepest scrutiny, in order to discover the secret workings and abominations of that heart. When sin is once detected, does he hesitate as to what to do in regard to it? Does he esteem it a small matter? Nay! He watches—but it is with an eye of DEATH! *Death*, without reprieve or delay, is the unconditional sentence passed upon every sin! He can cheerfully cut off a right hand, or pluck out a right eye; but never—while growing in grace—never will he consent to the least transgression of God's law.

Such are some of the evidences of growth in grace. Gentle reader, have you these? If so, go on! But if you have them not, would not wisdom whisper, "Now it is high time to awake out of sleep; for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." E.



Original.

Look not at the skies—  
Look not at the earth;  
Let tears from your eyes  
Chase the dawns of mirth;  
For the old and the young,  
The fair, gentle, and gay,  
Like the leaves of sere autumn,  
Are passing away! B.

Original.

#### BRITISH POETS AND POETRY.

It would require volumes to present to the reader a biographical sketch even of all the most important poets through the many centuries of the history of English poetry. This is not attempted: it was the design of the writer, from the beginning, to dwell more particularly on the early poets, with whose writings most of us are but little acquainted. Many even of them have passed unnoticed, whose productions form several volumes, while others who wrote but little have had a place in these articles. Their character or degree of merit determined their place. But with the more modern poets all are familiar. There are, perhaps, few of the readers of the Repository who have not read at least some portions of Pope, Gray, Shenstone, Logan, Beattie, Mason, Byron, Moore, and many others whose names it would be useless to mention here. Logan is one of the most pathetic poets in our language. It is impossible not to sympathize with the writer. The "Braes of Yarrow," and "A Tale," are among the most beautiful.

"The stream that carries us along  
Flows through the vale of tears;  
Yet on the darkness of our day  
The bow of heaven appears.  
The Rose of Sharon, king of flowers,  
Is fenced with prickles round;  
Queen of the vale, the lily fair,  
Among the thorns is found.  
Naught pure or perfect here is found;  
But when this night is o'er,  
Th' eternal morn will spring on high,  
And we shall weep no more.  
Beyond the dim horizon far,  
That bounds the mortal eye,  
A better country blooms to view,  
Beneath a brighter sky."

By far the most beautiful and elegant romance in verse our language possesses is Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. It has several stories complete in one. With the sunny orient we associate every thing rich and splendid, and this work partakes of those beauties in an eminent degree. In our estimation, it is as harmless in its tendency as it is beautiful in its language.

Mason, in his poetry, is very beautiful. As a scholar, he had few equals and no superiors; and all his productions are remarkable for their correctness and elegance. "Few, indeed, of modern poets," says Chalmers, "deserve a higher rank than Mason, nor has he given any finished piece to the world from which examples of excellence may not be quoted." In his tragedies he imitated the ancient Greeks. The following is an extract from one of these, entitled *Caractacus*, king of the Silures, one of the British tribes, who was defeated by *Ostorius*, a Roman prefect. The drama is opened in a consecrated grove, a little before midnight, and



at the time the druids, who form the chorus, were preparing the ceremonial preparatory to the introduction of Caractacus into their order. The odes are wild and beautiful, representing the almost omnipotent power of this priesthood in its true character.

## ODE—CHORUS.

## I.

"Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread,  
That shook the earth with thund'ring tread?  
'Twas Death. In haste  
The warrior passed:  
High towered his helmed head:  
I marked his mail—I marked his shield—  
I 'spied the sparkling of his spear—  
I saw his giant arm the falchion wield:  
Wide waved the bick'ring blade, and fired the angry air.

## II.

On me, he cried, my Britons, wait;  
To lead you to the field of fate  
I come: yon car,  
That cleaves the air,  
Descends to throne my state:  
I mount your champion and your god;  
My proud steeds neigh beneath the throng:  
Hark to my wheels of brass that rattle loud!  
Hark to my clarion shrill,\* that braes the woods among!

## III.

Fear not now the fever's fire,  
Fear not now the death-bed groan—  
Pangs that torture—pains that tire—  
Bed-rid age with feeble moan:  
These domestic terrors wait  
Hourly at my palace gate;  
And when o'er slothful realms my rod I wave,  
These on the tyrant king and coward slave  
Rush with vindictive rage, and draw them to their grave.

## IV.

But ye, my sons, at this high hour,  
Shall share the fullness of my power:  
From all your bows,  
In leveled rows,  
My own dread shafts shall shower.  
Go then to conquest, gladly go—  
Deal forth my dole of destiny—  
With all my fury dash the trembling foe  
Down to those darksome dens where Rome's pale spectres lie;

## V.

Where creeps the nine-fold stream profound  
Her black, inexorable round,  
And on the bank,  
To willows dank,  
The shiv'ring ghosts are bound.  
Twelve thousand crescents all shall swell  
To full-orbed pride, and fading die,  
Ere they again in life's gay mansions dwell:  
Not such the meed that crowns the sons of liberty.

## VI.

No, my Britons, battle elain,  
Rapture gilds your parting hour:  
I, that all despotic reign,  
Claim but there a moment's power.  
Swiftly the soul of British flame  
Animates some kindred frame,

\* Here one of the druids blows the sacred trumpet.

Swiftly to life and light triumphant flies,  
Exults again in martial ecstasies,  
Again for freedom fights, for freedom dies."

The drama from which this is taken contains a great many historical facts, and for that reason, if for no other, is well worthy the perusal of all.

The following life of Cowper will close these articles.

## COWPER.

The life of Cowper is possessed of peculiar interest. There are but few Christians to whom his name is not dear. Those who have been excited by the brilliant and beautiful creations of his fertile imagination, or those staid on the difficult paths Zionward by such aspirations for glory as are found in his writings, must feel esteem, even love for the author. From earliest infancy he was a prey to misfortune. Timid, confiding, endowed with superior talents highly cultivated, with fine sensibilities, rendered doubly so by constant weakness, he was little prepared to buffet the chilling waves of disappointment on the stormy ocean of life. Yet on this ocean he was cast. At first it appeared smooth and beautiful, and he began to indulge his creative imagination in picturing to himself the happiness of after life—a summer day's creation impossible to be realized. But disappointment, that bane of all human happiness, came. The storm arose, and his frail bark was beaten about in these treacherous seas, without sail and without helm to guide it to the destined, the desired port.

It is not the design here to give a biographical sketch of this great poet. His history is so well known as to make such a thing needless. A few only of the leading points in his character will be noticed. At the age of eighteen, at the earnest persuasion of his friends, he commenced the study of law, and took rooms in the temple with the design of completing his studies as a barrister, which design he never accomplished. His friends procured for him the offices of reading clerk, and clerk of the committees of the House of Lords, and afterward the office of clerk of the journals, neither of which offices, from weakness of body, and a certain nervous sensibility, was he able to fill; so that, after much hesitation, and with feelings of the deepest disappointment, was he obliged to give up that long and ardently cherished hope of future prosperity. This brought him into a state of the deepest melancholy, even so that his intellect began to give signs of disorder. His friends became alarmed, and placed him under the medical care of Dr. Cotton, a distinguished physician. At the end of six months he was considerably relieved, and somewhat of the joyous spring of early life returned. Perhaps there is no person who has suffered from keen sensibilities and a delicate frame

so much as Cowper; the constant and lasting result of which was, a settled gloom and melancholy. He passed through many nights of darkness, many, very many bitter hours from this painful disorder. Nothing can more properly display the feelings of our poet than an extract of a letter to a friend, who had asked him to write some hymns: "Ask possibilities, and they shall be performed; but ask no hymns from a man suffering by despair as I do. I could not sing the Lord's song were it to save my life, banished as I am, not to a strange land, but to a remoteness from his presence, in comparison with which the distance from east to west is no distance—is vicinity and cohesion. I dare not, either in prose or verse, allow myself to express a frame of mind which I am conscious does not belong to me—least of all can I venture to use the language of absolute resignation, lest, only counterfeiting, I should, for that very reason, be taken strictly at my word, and lose all my remaining comfort." In writing to another friend, who had visited him, he said, "I found those comforts in your visit, which have formerly sweetened all our interviews, in part restored. I knew you—knew you for the same shepherd who was sent to lead me out of the wilderness into the pasture where the chief Shepherd feeds his flock, and felt my sentiments of absolute friendship for you the same as ever. But one thing was still wanting, and that thing the crown of all. I shall find it in God's time, if it be not lost for ever. When I say this, I say it trembling; for at what time soever comfort shall come, it will not come without its attendant evil; and whatever good thing may occur in the interval, I have sad foreboding of the event, having learned, by experience, that I was born to be persecuted with peculiar fury, and assuredly believing that such as my lot has been it will be to the end."

He was advised by his brother, a clergyman resident at Cambridge, to take up his abode at Huntingdon. He did so, and determined to spend the remainder of his life in quiet retirement. His mind was restored to its usual tranquility, and he felt the sweet and comforting influence of the Divine presence. It was there he felt the full force of his own words—

"When darkness long has veiled my mind,  
And smiling day once more appears,  
Then, my Redeemer, then I find  
The folly of my doubts and fears.  
Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,  
And blush that I should ever be  
Thus prone to act so base a part,  
Or harbor one hard thought of thee.  
O, let me then at length be taught  
What I am still so slow to learn,  
That God is love, and changes not,  
Nor knows the shadow of a turn."

His mind craved retirement—rest, far from the noisy, bustling scenes of life. The quiet of

rural scenes was what he desired, and for what his mind was best fitted. The grove, with its beautiful cascade, where were heard the soft, rich notes of the birds, was a favorite place of resort. In this place of retirement he loved to meditate.

The hymns he composed by request for Newton's collection, stand first for beauty, sweetness of thought, and devotional feeling.

He was peculiarly sensitive, as we have before seen, to the trials through which he was called to pass, and could readily sympathize with others who were in the same situation. In a letter to a Protestant lady in France, who had been deeply afflicted, he wrote an epistle in verse full of touching sweetness—a piece which, we venture to say, has not its equal, of the same character, in the English language. The following is a part of this epistle:

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone  
Leads to a land where sorrow is unknown;  
No traveler ever reached that blessed abode,  
Who found not thorns and briars on the road.  
The world may dance along the flowery plain,  
Cheered as they go by many a sprightly strain;  
Where nature has her mossy velvet spread,  
With unshod feet they yet securely tread;  
Admonished, scorn the caution and the friend,  
Bent all on pleasure, heedless of its end.  
But He who knew what human hearts would prove,  
How slow to learn the dictates of his love;  
That, hard by nature, and of stubborn will,  
A life of ease would make them harder still,  
In pity to the souls his grace designed  
To rescue from the ruins of mankind,  
Called for a cloud to darken all their years,  
And said, 'Go spend them in the vale of tears.'  
O, balmy gales of soul-reviving air!  
O, salutary streams that murmur there!  
These flowing from the fount of grace above—  
Those breathed from lips of everlasting love.  
The flinty soil indeed their feet annoys;  
Chill blasts of trouble nip their springing joys;  
An envious world will interpose its frown,  
To mar delights superior to its own;  
And many a pang, experienced still within,  
Reminds of their hated innate sin.  
Ah! be not sad, although thy lot be cast  
Far from the flock, and in a boundless waste!  
No shepherd's tents within thy view appear,  
But the chief Shepherd even there is near;  
Thy tender sorrows and thy plaintive strain  
Flow in a foreign land, but not in vain;  
Thy tears all issue from a source divine,  
And every drop bespeaks a Savior thine."

Few men have been more devoted to the cause of morality, pure Christian morality, than Cowper. He combined the beauties of poetry with the sublime truths of the Bible. He possessed a sweetness and delicacy of expression above most, that invite and soothe, peculiarly adapted to excite devotional feelings; and his name will ever be held dear by the Christian community. A new and beautiful edition, containing his complete poetical works, has recently been issued from the press of Appleton & Co., New York. D.



Original.

## CHRISTIANITY SHOWN TO BE OF GOD.

BY REV. J. W. DOWBLE.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

THE philosophy of this age submits all theories to the test of experiment. Whatever does not result in real, practical good, is rejected.

In morals or theology, what more is this rule than the practical exemplification of the caption of this essay? "By their fruits ye shall know them."

If, then, it can be shown, that the results of the propagation of the Christian religion, are in perfect accordance with the idea of its Divine origin: nay, that they are such that no *human system* could have produced them, we claim for it the faith of the whole world.

Christianity is not responsible for the abuses which have sprung from the corruption of its pure doctrines. She is not obliged to defend the miserable admixtures of the Persian magi, the dialectics of Aristotle, (baptized by the Christian fathers,) the nonsense of the mystics, the monstrous absurdities of Popery, nor the infatuation of fanatics. These things belong in no better sense to Bible Christianity, than do all the deleterious nostrums of ignorant quacks, to the practice of scientific medicine. They are abuses, gross departures from the true faith; so unlike, in some instances, any thing in heaven, earth, or sea, as to perplex us very much in tracing them to their proper paternity. The Christianity which we love and vindicate, is that which reveals the plenitude and glory of the Godhead, three in one. The *power* of creation, the *wisdom* of Providence, and the *grace* of redemption.

*Contemplate it, first, in its universality.* There have been many systems of local religions, as the Egyptian, Roman, Grecian, and Hindoo. These were of men, and were adapted to the political and geographical circumstances of the people among whom they sprang into existence. Their influence was limited. A mountain, lake, or river, was, to them, an impassable barrier. Not thus with Christianity. It was announced in Judea; and though it proved, to believing Jews, both "the power and wisdom of God;" yet, was it no less adapted to Greeks and barbarians, Asiatics, Africans, Europeans. All ages, times, countries, conditions, bear testimony to its universal adaptation.

How striking the analogy between the books of nature and redemption! Who that reads both can doubt for a moment that the same eternal Father has written both! How glorious the idea, that the same great father of light, who placed the magnificent sun in the natural heavens, to shed an

impartial light on all below; who bade him dart his quickening rays obliquely into the snow-house of the Laplander, and pour a flood of golden light upon the equatorial regions; who made him "gleam from afar" o'er hill and dale, woodland and lawn, that all might be comforted by his light—how glorious is the thought, that both he and the sun of the moral heavens, the Holy Bible, are to be traced in their origin to the one almighty Source of all light and happiness!

*Secondly. In its wonderful self-preserving and diffusive power.* Greece and Rome had their religions, but they were evidently of indigenous production. The religion of Greece came from the Greeks, and was interwoven with their national polity. "It grew with her growth, and strengthened with her strength." When Grecian glory was at its zenith, so was the glory of its religion. But when "Icha-bod" was written upon the pillars of her civil superstructures, the significant characters were immediately transferred to the shrines of her temples. There was not divinity enough in their religion to avert an ignominious death; much less to insure the triumph of a resurrection.

What of Christianity? Christ lived and taught in Judea, planted his standard on the doted fabric of the Jewish polity; and in less than half a century after his death, it could be said *Judea was*. But what came of the religion revealed in Judea? Was it exterminated with the sword of Vespasian, or burned in the conflagration of the city and temple by Titus? or scattered to the four winds of heaven with the fugitive Jews? By no means. It took shelter under the wings of the Roman eagle, and was borne in silent triumph to the imperial city, there to make a conquest of the conquerors! It is of God.

*Thirdly. Contemplate it in its difficulties.* Divine wisdom has taught us "to count the cost" of an enterprise before we engage in it. What were the work and difficulties before the apostles of our Lord? The Gospel was first to be preached to the Jews. They had been favored with law and prophets; to them peculiarly belonged the covenants and promises, the priesthood and sacrifices; to them, first, Christ was sent. Surely *they* will receive the Gospel! "He came to his own, but his own received him not." The Jewish nation crucified the Lord, and rejected the ministry of his apostles. Here they found no fulcrum, upon which to rest the mighty lever of truth in order to raise a fallen world. Was the prospect better in the heathen worlds? In no-wise. The knowledge of the true God was almost entirely lost. One prominent, universal feature was, ignorance of God and true religion. If the preaching of Christ crucified was to the Jews a "stumbling block," it was to idolatrous Greeks "foolishness." The work before the apostles was

not the correction of a few errors in ethics or religion; it was not the amendment of old systems, ready through age to pass away; it was not to revive a dormant principle: the object was, to cast down and demolish all the abominations of a heathen world. The new doctrine of Christ crucified denounced the glories of heathenism as the worst species of demon worship; poured supreme contempt upon the sacred altars of the gods and goddesses; mocked the solemn witcheries of their oracles; and proclaimed a universal suppression of the teachings of the Pagan priesthood. Paul, surrounded by Athenian philosophers, on Mars' Hill, gives a voice to the dumb altar, that had stood mute for centuries, and the whole assemblage of false divinities are thrown into eternal confusion at its language!

The bulwarks attacked by the heroes of Calvary, were commanded by kings, queens, princes, councillors, statesmen, and philosophers, supported by legions of well-disciplined troops, who were sworn to their country and to their gods. They were sustained by the strength of thrones, the decisions of senates, the wisdom of schools, the overwhelming power of wealth, and the almost unconquerable motives of worldly interest.

The work was prodigious. To men of worldly prudence, this scheme would have appeared entirely chimerical, and upon human dependence would have been really so. But the hand of God was with them, working mightily for the salvation of man. "Not by might, nor by power, but by MY SPIRIT, saith the Lord of hosts." Trace we then this mighty movement of truth and holiness against error and corruption, in considering,

*Fourthly, the agencies employed.* When Christ ascended on high, he provided for the advancement of his Church by "giving some apostles," &c. These, though but a handful at first, were commissioned to take the world. Without influence, without money, without the aid of human philosophy, without patronage or eloquence from earth, they go forward and preach the self-crucifying doctrines of the Savior, especially insisting that every one, Jew or Greek, bond or free, shall receive and believe on the crucified Galilean as the only hope of salvation, and the author of the only true religion! They attack sin in its strongest fortifications, oppose customs and practices that had the sanction of all antiquity. They court no throne; they flatter no monarch; they fear no danger; they shun no toil; they despair at no difficulty. With a single eye they press onward with the torch of truth: setting fire to one city, they leave the flame to unfold itself, while they hasten toward the next. No visible power protects them, and yet they pass unhurt amidst flames, and mobs, and beasts of prey. They encounter storms, floods,

dungeons, terrors, conspiracies, and perils innumerable. Power does not overawe, death does not affright them. Commissioned of God, their one great business is, to proclaim the glad tidings of the Gospel to "all men." If one dies, or falls a martyr in the "glorious strife," the heroic virtues of the dying saint, serve only to inspire new vigor in the breasts of the living; and thus the "blood of martyrs becomes the seed of the Church." Do we inquire what are the results of these astonishing labors and sacrifices of the primitive missionaries of Jesus Christ? Look at them,

*Fifthly, in the success which attended their ministry.* Multitudes renounce idolatry, forsake their vain religions, and experience the *converting* power of God. They profess the Christian religion in the face of imminent danger, and at the risk of life itself. Nor is it merely a change of *opinion*, but a change of *heart*. History records the fact, that notwithstanding ten grievous and bloody persecutions, the Christian religion became triumphant in the Roman empire in three centuries from the birth of Christ; thus showing that one hundred and twenty millions of men, under one government, admitted the claims of a newly revealed religion. Where shall we find the secret of this unparalleled success? In the agents themselves? In the tendency of the times? In worldly policy? In the craftiness of men? In the splendor and worldly promises of the system? In *none*, nor in all of them. The hand of God is seen in this work, and the directive and protective energy of the almighty Spirit develops itself, giving lucid proof of a Divine agency, and hereby we may retrace, from effect to cause, the presence and energy of the omnipotent God.

Wherever Christianity has gone, her approach has been the assurance of political, and social, and individual happiness. She is the patron of learning, the promoter of liberty, the genius of peace. Agriculture, arts, and commerce flourish under her balmy influence: wars, animosities, and oppression cease: the manacles of ignorance are severed by its holy touch, and *man* is restored to truth, virtue, hope, and God. Are we then to know Christianity by its fruits? to judge it by its practical results? Then we pronounce it Godlike, and yield the grateful homage of our whole being.

"To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who sweetly *all* agree  
To save a *world* of sinners lost,  
Eternal glory be!



Original.

THE eagle toward yon glorious sun  
Directs his wing and eyes:  
The sun of righteousness shall lead  
Our spirits to the skies.



Original.

## REMINISCENCES.

## THE TRANSPLANTED FLOWER.

AMID the scenes of the busiest life, how often do the forms of the "loved and lost" present themselves to the mental vision! And how sweet and soothing are the influences that attend their presence! Often they seem to be present in person, to refine our feelings, elevate our desires, and lead our affections upward to that clime where perfect purity and uninterrupted pleasures abide. And may we not cherish the hope and belief that oft-times their spirits are really communing with ours, whispering consolation and encouragement, beclouding earth, and brightening heaven? Welcome heavenly visitants! Though "your land is bright, ye love us yet."

Such were my reflections as, passing through memory's hall, I paused a moment here and there, before another and another portrait that affection had there affixed to remain for ever. At length my attention was more especially directed to that of a little girl of whom on earth alone remains a sweet remembrance. Transplanted ere the frosts of a cold and sinful world had nipped the unfolding bud, she blooms in the paradise above.

Some years since it became my good fortune to reside in the pleasant town of —. I was a stranger in a strange land, and yet not alone; for, almost everywhere, he that is striving for a "better land," can find kindred spirits, those whose "hopes, and aims, and joys are one." Among my first acquaintances was the father of my little friend. I soon found myself a welcome visitor, often made a part of the pleasant family circle, and became strongly attached to the dear child, then about seven or eight years of age. I have often thought that, of all departments of society, no one appeared more interesting than that composed of little girls. Not yet acquainted with the deceit and dangers of the world, their artlessness, confiding affection, and purity of thought remind one of the pure inhabitants of those happy climes "where sin cannot enter, and sorrow never comes." But the king of terrors regards not the ties of affection—he spares not the pure and lovely, but often seems to delight in selecting that one on whom the highest hopes are placed—the sweetest thoughts are lavished. Too soon my little G. became a sealed victim—too soon the light she diffused around the domestic circle was removed. On my return from a journey I learned she was ill. I stood by her bedside, but delirium had seized the little sufferer. Her recovery was hopeless. Bitter tears were shed as I saw her person racked with pain, heard the piteous moan, and thought how soon the loved form would crumble to dust. But thanks be to a loving Savior, the monster has not all the power.

She became rational; and then did the influence of a religious education manifest itself—then was there a victory over death. Being asked if she were afraid to die, with the confidence of a child, and the faith of a Christian, she answered, "No; for the Savior has said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'" O, sweet and consoling answer—glorious, triumphant hope! The Savior bids little children come, and gives them strength to obey.

With her weeping friends I followed her remains to the last lowly resting place of the dead. The first wild flowers of spring were unfolding their modest beauties when we laid her in the tomb. Sweet emblems were they. The frosts of autumn had nipped them, the storms of a dreary winter had swept over them, and yet in the genial rays of the vernal sun they again revived. So, methought, shall my little G. She is chilled in death. She shall rest through the long silent winter of the grave; but in the springtide of eternity shall this corruptible put on incorruption, and she shall bloom in immortal youth.

How sweet the task, and yet how responsible, to rear the tender plants for paradise! How great the reward! The mother may fail to see the object of her hopes arrive at maturity—the cherished one may be cut off in early life; but if, through the mother's instrumentality, the truths of the Gospel shall support the dying child, the faith of the child of Christ be hers, and her dying voice sweetly lisp the Savior's invitation, how glorious the reward—how soothing the reflections of the faithful mother!

Z. X.

## COMMUNICATED.

DIED, in this city, on the 9th of October, CORNELIA AUGUSTA BURROUGH, a native of Providence, R. I.—a woman of kindly affections, of moral and intellectual attainments, and of piety to God.

It is even so: the readers of this book will no more receive the sentient and graphic effusions of her pen: the lively colloquist has ceased to charm: the social, flowing heart, no longer gives forth its balm of sweetness, or its cheering. She hath passed away! Still we perceive that the gain is hers—she has exchanged this "breathing world," which, however rich in affection, is still a place of anguish, for that *spiritual existence* where is beatitude and the fullness of God. Her *memory*, the shadow of her earthly life, remains—a precious token to the faithful.

Sleep, sweetly, O sister!

In Christ we soothed her dying hour;

In Christ we laid her in the dust;

In Christ shall be her resurrection.

And still, amidst our tears, we are enabled to respond, *Amen!*

Original.

## THE SPIRITUAL TEMPLE.

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God? We are laborers together with God."—BIBLE.

We are building a temple for God,  
And part of that temple are we—  
The Gospel's the measuring rod,  
And each part with the whole must agree.

We are laborers together with him  
Whose dwelling 'tis destin'd to prove,  
And must watch lest its gold become dim,  
And reflect not the light from above.

The temple's foundation was laid  
In that promise in paradise, when  
The serpent the woman betray'd,  
Though she knew not its preciousness then.

Long buried in shadows it lay,  
Or symbols but darkly reveal'd,  
Till the dawn of the memorable day,  
When Jesus death's portals unseal'd.

Then the mists from the vision were clear'd,  
And, dazzling and fair to the eye,  
The stone of salvation appear'd,  
Both the model and base to supply.

Since then hath this temple advanc'd  
With a speed which, though noiseless, is sure,  
And each day is its beauty enhanc'd,  
And its purity render'd more pure.

Its materials are spirits refin'd  
By the fire of heavenly love;  
And when finish'd by God, 'tis design'd  
To form part of his temple above.

Within it is richly bedeck'd  
With the fruits and the blossoms of grace,  
And its mirrors, though dimly, reflect  
Of the likeness of Jesus some trace.

From the altar of worshiping hearts,  
A cloud of sweet incense is borne,  
And the smile of the Savior imparts,  
A glory the whole to adorn;

While the Comforter ever abides,  
As its light and refiner within,  
O'er the work and the workmen presides,  
Lest the structure be soil'd by sin.

We are building a temple for God,  
And part of this temple are we—  
The Gospel's the measuring rod,  
And each part with the whole must agree.

Original.

## MINISTERING ANGELS.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

ANGELS minister'd to Jesus,  
When the subtil tempter fled  
From the mountain of temptation—  
When his darts had vainly sped.  
Down to earth they fly from heaven:  
See, what crowds are gather'd round!  
And the scene of his fierce trial  
Now becometh hallowed ground.

Angels minister'd to Jesus  
In the garden, when he lay  
Praying unto God, his Father,  
That the cup might pass away.  
He was strengthen'd there to drink it,  
For our fallen, guilty race,  
And his followers' purest feelings  
Linger round that sacred place.

Angels minister'd to Jesus  
On the morn he left the tomb,  
When the dawn of day eternal  
Burst upon its cheerless gloom:  
Down they strike the fearful soldiers,  
Roll the massive stone away,  
And behold, in death's dominion,  
Life now holds its sovereign sway.

Angels minister'd to Jesus  
When he took his upward flight,  
From the world he came to ransom,  
To the glorious realms of light:  
See, they form his willing escort,  
As his chariot mounts the sky,  
And the golden gates of glory  
At their challenge open fly.

They will minister to Jesus  
When the skies are backward roll'd,  
And revealed high in heaven.  
All the world their Judge behold;  
They will gather all his children  
To their dear Redeemer's side,  
Free from earth and all its sorrows,  
With him ever to abide.

Original.

O, MEMORY, dear memory!  
She tells me of the hours  
Which came and went, as radiant  
As troops of summer flowers:  
Now, now I seek for joys as sweet,  
But, ah! I seek in vain—  
The bloom that flies from morning skies  
May never come again. B.



Original.

A GENUINE PHILOSOPHER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

WHENEVER I hear a sage or an eloquent opinion, upon the philosophy of morality, or upon political economy, or upon the rights of humanity, or of the beauty of order, or of the philosophy of history, or the merits of industry, or of any other moral deductions and inferences, it immediately recalls to my mind a person—one long since dead, and with whom I was conversant years ago—my old French teacher—in New England. This gentleman, a Frenchman, was then about seventy years of age, and I was eighteen; so that the conversations between us—incidental to my course of reading—were nearly all of instruction on his part, and of admiration, I may almost say veneration on mine. He was certainly the most full-minded, the most suggestive and reflective as well as the most highly educated individual I had then, or perhaps have since ever seen. His education, he told me, after having completed the course of the (then) French colleges, had engrossed *seventeen years* in the German universities. I have no doubt of this assertion, apart from the conviction that he was far too respectable, as well as too far removed from the puerility of pretense for a fabrication of the sort.

How genuine a philosopher he was in practice, as well as in his way of thinking, may be inferred from his manner of living. He had established himself in a town where I think there were not then six families of his nation resident, and he had made no other acquaintances, nor affected any association beyond the necessities of his business intercourse—his own family seemed to suffice his regards, and to be all in all to him. He was in possession of two respectable estates, in a remote part of the town. I believe I have heard his property quoted at about ten thousand dollars. Whether he had made this property or inherited it, I do not know. Some things incline me to suppose it was the remnant saved from early years of profuseness; but I know not.

He had no other family than a wife—a pretty, affectionate woman, more than thirty years his junior—and a daughter of about fifteen years. His wife he had evidently married—may-be after some early vexations and experiences of the heart—purely for her personal merits; not, certainly, for any congeniality of intelligence, or taste, or high breeding, like his own, but probably for the one sentiment of affectionate love. Such a one as he must have married very late in life to have made so single-minded a choice, and from a sphere so far removed from his own. However, having relinquished the “world”—and he seemed at one long

leap to have jumped from it—and the “world” not interfering with them, they were undoubtedly a very happy couple. She was cheerful, frugal, and industrious, and evidently proud of and attached to him, and, withal, just so untutored and unsophisticated that she never made the least attempt or straining up to reach his style of conversation or thought; but was ever simply *herself*—such as he had probably first loved her. This was her advantage and her assurance.

I can see them now. He and his pupil are sitting at the little table before the window which looks into the garden. Here the wife is busy at work, and the old gentleman turns his eye, from time to time, from his book, to see how she gets on. Presently he beholds her in the act of pulling up, by main strength—of which she possessed a good deal—a sapling of considerable size. I had never before seen our philosopher the least excited: “What does the woman mean?” exclaims he; “It will take one bullock to pull up that tree. Margaret, wait me—wait me, Margaret.” At the same time the red color coursed up his pale temples and his forehead, and lighted his eye, whilst he gallantly rushed to the rescue. He gave her a little push out of the way, and seizing the top of the shrub gave one strong pull, and, losing his feet, laid prostrate on his back. She gave forth a lively, confident laugh, with a little chuckle, and a cut of the eye at me, and pushing *him* aside, renewed her effort, and lifted the tree in triumph from its place, saying, “Pa, you might know I could do it better than you.” The old gentleman is slightly mortified, and, without speaking to her, returns precipitately to his study, and smoothing down the ruffles both of his sleeves and his spirits, resumes his book, and, as well as he can, his composure, seeming somewhat ashamed of the romp he has performed, but probably less chagrined at the little disgrace of his overthrow than disconcerted at Margaret’s involuntary laugh; for we all know it takes more than a philosopher to be the subject of a real, genuine, unaffected laugh—to be “laughed at!”

The wife, meanwhile, is not entirely easy—she walks to and fro in evident humiliation and penitence at her outbreak. But the old gentleman is very busy on the book, and takes no notice. She grows more disturbed. This goes on for awhile. Presently there is presented at the window a *snuff-box*, with, “Andrew, Andrew, dear! take a pinch, *do!*” At the same time, she snuffs heartily at a pinch herself, showing her sparkling, white teeth, and the clear red gums in a conciliating and lively laugh. She has hit the “right nail on the head now—the true chord is touched”—he can no longer distrust her “leal heart,” and her affection to him; nor is he so churlish as to resist her appeal, though

she did laugh at his tripping. Yes, she has struck the right chord—the *taboret* is the true calumet—the peace-maker! The pupil gets a lesson in *French*: also, one in the pathology of true affection.

My little episode done, I should be telling you how they lived. The house is a small two-story frame of about three rooms on the floor, including a *shop*, and through this little *huckstery* is the only entrance from the street to the house. A huckstery! Yet there was no touch of disreputation about it to visitors or pupils; for although the *temperance edict* as yet slumbered in “uncreated might,” yet our philosopher was not less aware of its propriety, or of the rights of compeers of humanity. Here was too much respectability and too much benevolence, to have afforded, at any premium, the poisonous drug—the death-giving potion. No vulgarity of the kind mingled with the few mean articles set forth. A few biscuits, and onions, and brooms, and other “Yankee notions,” with plenty of crockery, and a few primers and quills, helped to eke out the income of this family, and engross the willing industry of the philosopher’s wife. True, they could have done without this addition, and without the small stipend which he charged for tuition, (his admirable *lecturing gratis*,) yet perhaps he was not unwise, in his isolated condition, in affording to himself and his family some occupation which gave them a certain interest in the exercise, without drawing largely upon exertion, and involving no risk of capital. The little huckstery I have supposed he arranged to give his wife the recreation of a little innocent gossip with her female neighbors, without departing from her own door. It is altogether probable that these two sources of emolument paid all their current expenses, leaving the income of his property to accumulate for their daughter. The peculiarity of his relative situation will exonerate him from the charge of meanness; and thousands in the old countries live, unquestioned, in the same way. Of his entire freeness from avarice, with all his frugality, (though I believe they indulged in every *comfort*,) I can give a convincing evidence. He received his pupils—for their more thorough instruction—one at a time, an hour each day, five days in the week, at the very small sum of six dollars the quarter. In the long days, perhaps, he received nine or ten pupils—in the short ones not more than six or seven. He was, at the time, the only teacher of French in a town of twenty thousand, and could always command three times the number of pupils which he accepted. I once, by the instruction and authority of a benevolent brother, said to him, “Why, sir, should not you make your charge for tuition much larger than it is? Every pupil you have will as readily pay you ten dollars as six, and it is certainly worth a great deal more.” “My price answers,” was the reply; “the

change might not suit all, though you think otherwise. I am old, and will not disturb myself about it. We have all we want, and ‘*ma fille*’ (my daughter) will still inherit more than is good for her perhaps. My school,” added he, with animation, “affords me the intellectual intercourse which is necessary to me, and which I could not otherwise command. The matter is all very well; but I thank *you*.”

Well, this old gentleman—a “gentleman of the old school”—who cared not a rush for a *bow*, otherwise than as it expressed the real chivalry of a fine soul toward the object of his obeisance, was, nevertheless, in the habit of making a very elegant one, on the presentation of any lady or gentleman. This may, by some, be thought an anomaly to his thread-bare coat, and amidst the commonness of his establishment; but there was ever that sort of bearing, that dignity and seriousness about the old gentleman that gave instant impression of the fitness of his manners in all he did. The entire freedom from *pretense* in his arrangements left them, in fact, wholly distinct from personality with himself, saving in the secondary reflection of ownership. How large-minded, how humane, how just, how free from popular prejudices, how peace-loving, and, in short, how completely noble seemed the whole element and cast of his character!

My reading book, for sometime, was the “Biographies of the Personages of the Age of Louis XIV.” These characters, in themselves no less interesting than distinguished, were rendered doubly so to me, from the fund of personal anecdote with which my teacher invested them, (his own time could not have extended back to these, yet he must have been highly associated to have gleaned so many particulars,) placing the merit of each character in its true light, or perhaps disabusing the reader of the false light which factitious circumstances had thrown about it. And these conversations were certainly the most able and the most discriminative of all the ethical dissertations it has ever been my opportunity to attend. He never failed to separate the public character from the domestic, to adjust the moral balance, leaving the sum total clean and clear, and unbiased by mere fame. “Fame,” would he say, “is often the mere reflection or *refraction* of the sunlight bestowed by the public voice upon some brilliant or *lucky* exploit—the single one in the life, perhaps.” “A character should be estimated by its only consistent rule—by *itself* at large.” “What is called ‘public spirit,’ as here, may often be reduced to a motive of selfishness or personal ambition.” “This sort of thing, after all, is of no great value.” “This man had no *heart*, and no humanity—he will be admired only a short time—a hundred or two of years, and no more of him—the thing will be seen



as it is, when no good results remain to sustain it. He was neither a good nor a great man *essentially*; and both these tests are necessary to *truth*—to an immortality of fame." Thus could he depreciate; but his talent I think was for—I will not say for "eulogy"—but for the power of a discriminating *praise*. He was always eloquent, because he was always in earnest—always free and unbiased, and a generous lover of goodness. Such he was; such were the delectable conversations in this little school-room; which I was very fond of attending.

On great subjects, or on small, there always seemed to be ideas of wisdom, which no other person promulgated with so much authority. I once said to him, "I did not come to school on yesterday because I felt so dull—I thought I should gain nothing." "But you were entirely mistaken," said he, "because you were out of *humor* need not necessarily concern your *ability*, unless you 'gave into it,' and *that* is another matter 'Come equally with inclination, or without it, and *study well*, and you will perceive no difference, for *there will be none*.'" How much wisdom in this little rule, and of how wide application. He was very didactic—very fond of imparting, not only ideas, but good methods, and deeming nothing a trifle that should save time. Seeing me fold the leaf at closing my book, "That is unnecessary," said he, "only fix the number of the page in your mind, and you will readily recall it. But be sure you notice it—otherwise you have *never known it*, and cannot recall it."

Perhaps one reason why I was so much pleased in the company of this old gentleman was, that he encouraged me to express my ideas, and I never feared derision for my ignorance; but only instruction with the purest candor of comment; as, "That idea is very crude, yet not entirely without pertinence to the subject." "So and so;" or, "I would not expect one so young to enter into these subjects with any degree of preciseness." "Yet I will explain," &c. But no derision, on the contrary, a paternal gravity of instruction and interest. My admiration for my instructor, I am now conscious, was not without some admixture of egotism. But I dwindle my subject, and will hasten to a close. I would only say, thus he taught, and "it was thus I sat at the feet of Gamaliel."

He once paid me a compliment—so intended—a purely intellectual compliment, quite undeserved, as well as far too costly in its conditions for my acceptance; and it is only introduced here in relation to the character portrayed.

In one of his lucid conversations, wherein learned subjects were always classified in a way to render them both fixed and ready, he observed that there were "Four religions in the world: namely, the Jewish, or *Hebrewism*; the Pagan, or *Heathenism*; the Mohammedan, or *Islamism*; and the religion

of Christ, or *Christianism*, as he denominated it. And he added, to my surprise, for it was the only time I ever heard him speak on the subject of religion, "and they are all, with the exception of Paganism—which is idolatry—they are all, as to worship, *equally true*." After a moment of disturbed hesitation, I said, "Are not you, sir, a Christian?" "You will see, ma'am," said he, and he closed the little door, commonly ajar, where sat his wife and daughter, "you will see, ma'am, that this 'Christianism' is an excellent thing—the one thing wanted—the best thing in the world, to keep the people in order—to satisfy them—to make them happy and good—'*en fin*,' to *keep the world together*; but [excuse me, reader,] it is not for such as you, with a *mind*, to *believe it*!" Yes, *that* he said! I do not know exactly my reply, but it was to the effect, that I could not be *untaught* the faith of my parents and my country, &c. This occurred just before the expiration of my last quarter; and which I sincerely wish had ended before this disclosure.

In summing up the character of this gentleman, philanthropist, and *philosopher*, I fain would that no blot should mar its purity, or deform its proportions: I fain would that the epithet "philosopher," with its manifold merits, were here free as in every case from the stigma of its *bad sense*, as opposed to Christianity: a stigma which the *savans* of the present age, by a better interpretation, are redeeming from error, and fast wiping away. But of our philosopher, alas! for his *Alma Mater*, and all the stores there acquired: alas! for those *seventeen years in the German universities*! Alas! for all his opportunities of learning, science, erudition; for all their offerings to intellect and to genius, if, as he imbibed them, they must come to him *mixed* and *fatally imbued* with the subtil poison of *infidelity*!

C. M. B.



Original.

ONE that would *write* must do it when the *vein prevails*; he must not expect to *command*, but to *obey* the impulse. This power, perhaps, is not so much an *extra* reach, as it is the *absence* of the grosser spirits of mortality. It is not so much a visiting of the asserted divinity of the poet, as it is a transient "shuffling off this mortal coil," which, like an incubus, is wont to overrule the better soul. It is not any especial and high mission; but a healthy tone, and soft consenting of the sensibilities—the *pénates* of the home mansion. We do, indeed, hear of "wooing the muses." What is this but a "grammatical apostrophe?" Not the reffluent rush of nature, gushing from the fountains of being, filling the outlets of voice, or eye, or ear with sympathetic sense.

## NOTICES.

**THE MINSTREL OF ZION: a book of Religious Songs, accompanied with Appropriate Music.** By Rev. Wm. Hunter, and Rev. Sam'l. Wakefield.—We know scarcely any thing of the science of music, and are, therefore, not capable of sitting in judgment upon one department of this work. Of the other we feel competent to judge; for we have a heart, and we know the poetry of this book moves it. Nearly all the songs are from the pen of brother Hunter, and we wonder that any one who can write so charmingly should accept aid from any source. This book of songs, unlike some works of this description, is not merely fitted to arouse emotion—it is full of sound divinity. The "Select Melodies" is from the hands of one of the brethren who have composed the work before us; and the two works are not only of kindred character and parentage, but adapted to each other. This may be regarded as the supplement to that, and whoever has the former will probably desire the latter. The unprecedented popularity of the "Select Melodies" in the west and south, is a sure guaranty for the rapid sale of its more mature successor.

**PRAISE AND PRINCIPLE; or, For What Shall I Live?** By the Author of "Conquest and Self-conquest," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A well written work, containing a good moral, happily enforced.

**A TREATISE ON DOMESTIC ECONOMY, for the Use of Young Ladies at Home and at School.** By Miss Catharine E. Beecher. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The name of the pious and intelligent authoress is a sufficient recommendation. She has devoted many years to the education of young ladies, and brought to that interesting work a mind of more than ordinary power, and attainments of a superior order. Her work is scientific, yet eminently practical, and admirably adapted to the daughters and mothers of this country. We know not of a more suitable New-Year's present for a young lady than this book; and it is our intention to provide a few copies for our young friends. Reader, "go thou and do likewise," instead of purchasing those showy, but trifling, and often pernicious books which are usually sold for such purposes.

**THE AMERICAN SHEPHERD: being a History of the Sheep, with their Breeds, Management, and Diseases, &c.** By L. A. Morrell. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We are not qualified to judge of this work; for although we have as much affection for sheep as for other domestic animals, and perhaps as much as the author himself, we have not studied their instincts and habits, or shared in their management; but the Harpers would not have published it had it not been a valuable treatise; and as such we cheerfully commend it to the farmers of Muskingum, and all other beautiful valleys equally adapted to wool growing.

**HARPER'S ILLUMINATED AND ILLUSTRATED SHAKSPEARE.** Numbers LXIII and LXIV.—We have not read Shakspeare since we professed religion, nor have we felt much inclined to; but really we must confess that when we saw "The Tempest," (once our favorite,) arrayed in the most beautiful hues of the art, we felt a temptation once more to submit to its breath; but "as a good man and true," we resisted.

We have received the third number of the AMERICAN PULPIT, and are much delighted with it, particularly with the sermon by our friend, J. T. Peck, who is quite a

favorite with us. May we not soon see some productions of the western pulpit in this monthly? Bishops Hamline and Morris, Drs. Elliott and Simpson, and many others of the west, ought to be enlisted.

The first and second quarterly issues of the CHRISTIAN WORLD have reached us. This is a very neat work, both in matter and execution. It contains rich correspondence in its original department, and valuable information in its foreign. The March number is embellished with fine steel engravings of the founder and the poet of Methodism. The editorial department is very ably conducted, as might be expected from the fame of the editor, who is justly regarded as one of the most eloquent divines in the land. Mr. S. writes not only with elegance and force, but in the proper spirit. He devotes much of his attention to Christian union, Christian benevolence, Christian literature, and kindred subjects; and although his scheme relative to the first mentioned may appear, to some, Utopian, all must admire his piety, his liberality, and his literary excellence.

**METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, for October, 1845.** The present number is full of interesting and instructive matter. The first article, by Dr. Bangs, is worthy of its excellent author. The review of Hopkins' examination of Joshua x, 12-15, from the pen of Professor Johnston, of the Ohio Wesleyan University, is highly creditable, evincing much argumentative ability and patient research. Brother Clark's article is elaborate and able, but too long for the subject. Article V, like every thing else from the same pen, is good. The same may be said of the rest. Article VI is a charming review of a charming book. Brethren, subscribe for the Quarterly.

**THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE.**—Numbers one and two of the fifth volume, have been placed on our table—the only numbers we have seen for a long time. Brother Kidder is the man for his place. We doubt whether the General conference could find another equal to him in the Union. The Advocate ought to visit every Methodist family.

**MRS. FLETCHER'S YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY.**—A friend requests us to say that a permanent literary institution, with the above title, is opened at Felicity, Clermont county, O. This village is in a healthy and eligible location, and being within four miles of the Ohio river, is quite accessible. The institution is on an eminence overlooking the village—is furnished with a philosophical, chemical, astronomical, and geometrical apparatus, and many other facilities. We understand that Mrs. F. has earned laurels in New England as an instructress, in various institutions, during the twenty years she has devoted to teaching. The trustees say they "design to blend a high state of morality with literary character;" and we doubt not that Mrs. F., who is, we learn, a thorough Methodist, will do her utmost to carry out this design.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE are sorry to say that the index and title-page have eaten up our Table. We intended, in this number, to make an appeal to our friends to extend the circulation of the work, and to return our thanks for what they have already done. We can only say that they must take the will for the deed.



